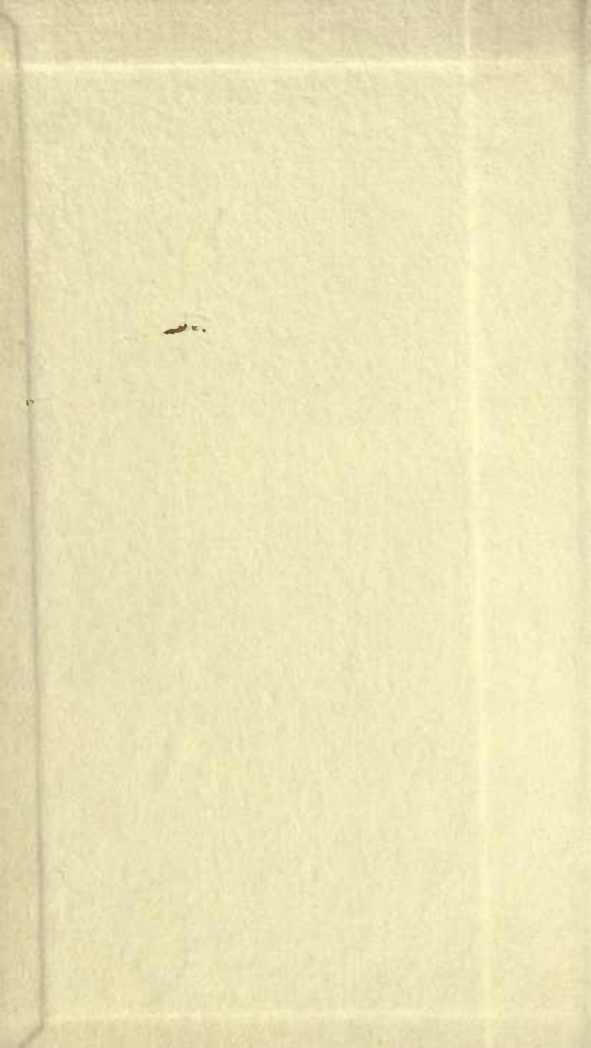


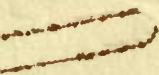
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S K E T C H E S

FROM

N A T U R E;

TAKEN, AND COLOURED, IN A
JOURNEY TO MARGATE.

PUBLISHED FROM THE
ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

3 K R T C H E

FROM

W A T U R E

TAKEN AND FORWARDED IN A
JOURNEY TO MARY

RETURNED FROM THE
ORIGINAL DEPT.

BY GEORGE KEAT

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, PATERNOSTER

IN DEC 1840

S K E T C H E S

FROM

N A T U R E.

THE APOLOGY.

IT is much easier to read a book, than to write one;—and should any skeptical gentleman doubt this proposition, I wish, for his own satisfaction, he would make the experiment.

—A reader may, either with or without his spectacles, as he and his eyes can fettle it, travel through a volume just at what rate he pleases, or stop short the instant that he finds

VOL. II.

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his road unentertaining; but a poor devil of an author must go on with the utmost caution,—looking backwards, and forwards, and sideways, and endways—and hath business enough on his hands, to keep every thing tight together, that his work doth not tumble to pieces.—He is in truth, only the reader's pioneer, to clear all obstructions, open his views, and render his way cheerful.—

As every advantage seems to be thrown on the reader's side, I must, as an author, contend, that there are some indulgences due to us.—I do not presume to hint, that we have the privilege of taking a nap, because our reader hath; on the contrary, it is incumbent on us to keep his eyes open as long as possible, as his sleep may be death to us;—but surely, while

we are busied in entertaining him, we may be allowed a little recreation ourselves,—and if a delicious meadow, or a tempting piece of greenward, lies by the road-side, what literary code is there, to prohibit our taking a canter over it, though it lie out of the *straight line* of our journey?—For my own part, whenever the old horse I ride hath a mind for a frisk, either to the right, or the left, I feel that I must, and will, indulge his humour, in spite of all the canons of criticism.—As long as it is natural, they may fire and welcome.—

—Now *straight lines* are, and ever were, my aversion ; — my writing-master could never tempt me when a child, to use them ; — they may serve admirably well for rulers—walking-sticks—masts—or may-poles, — but

the *line of beauty* disavows them.—
 The FRENCH, it is true, lay out their roads by them, because their notions of liberty and property, allow them to cut through any thing,—but ours in this country, being more delicate on the subject, it is by many curves—and windings—and pleasant turnings, that we get from town to town.—In short, *straight lines* are now absolutely exploded,—they are not found to lead to the preferments of the world;—nor do hereditary virtues, or fortunes, run any longer in them!—Every road from BERWICK upon TWEED to PENZANCE, is zig-zag—every modern walk and plantation, zig-zag,—every avenue about court, zig-zag,—and so too are all our ideas;—nay, and what is much to be lamented, so are all our lives too.—
 —And

—And this is that which frets their reverences so much ; and will, to the end of time, furnish us with new volumes of sermons.—

—However disgusting to the eye the *straight line* may appear, yet any digression from it, which, after a little curve, reverts into it ; becomes a pleasing form ;—and should digressions intersect the *straight line* on the other side also, the whole united, takes nearly the figure of MERCURY'S *Caduceus*, which is indisputably the true *serpentine*, and the finest model to write by ;—and besides, being perfectly *antique*, you had better go to bed, be you who you will, than open your mouth against it.—

—Having said thus much in support of an author's privilege, and at the same time, in favor of *occasional*

digressions, not only in my own work,—but in any work,—or in every work,—I beseech the reader, should he chance to see me set off on a sudden, that he would not halloo after me, but that he will conclude, I am in pursuit of something for his service,—and consider that every writer knows, or should know, his way home, and is bound to take care of his own neck.—

—And now, COURTEOUS READER, let us set forward once more together.—If thou really hast a claim to the appellation I have given thee, thou art just the person I am looking for, whenever I set pen to paper:—but if, on the contrary, thou hast refined away thy power of being pleased;—if thou canst sacrifice thy feelings to rules,—and be out of humour at every

every

every little thing that may happen
amiss—e'en let us separate the first
short turning we come to ; for I would
not travel with thee, though thou
shouldst defray my expences to the
world's end.—

THE HOY.

I WISH, from my heart, I had given it the gentleman, thought I !—as a person who sat next to me at LANGFORD's, was chaffering for a book, which he wished for, in a lot of several I had just bought,—for whilst he was pestering me about proportioning the purchase money, I inattentively missed another lot that soon followed, which was a very scarce SPANISH romance, I had long been in quest of, and had come purposely to buy; which was snapped up by a *book-fancier*, merely on account of its scarcity, for he knew not a word of the language it was wrote in.—

I am at this instant almost in the same situation; for while I have been

capitulating with the reader,—or as the law would term it, settling articles of agreement with him, here is the devil and all to do in MARGATE;—half a dozen men tied up in sacks, and hopping for a pig—three jack-asses running for a CHESHIRE cheese,—and a smock-race on the sands,—and all the world there,—whilst the prize, decorated with ribbands, is carried in procession on a pole, like a popish relique.—Every circumstance of life is proportionate;—the *Golden Pippin* on Mount IDA did not more agitate the three *Celestial* competitors, than this little object did our three *terrestrial* ones here.—Happy she who conquers!—as the lass with a shift to her back, stands a far better chance for preferment, than she who has none.—And see the victrix has it slipped over her
 running

running drefs, and marches off triumphant,—with a drum before her—and a mob at her heels!—

But this is not half the buſtle; for two Hoys are juſt arrived from LONDON, their decks covered with new comers, and all MARGATE running down to the *Pier-head* to ſee them land.—I doubt whether I am ſtout enough to run too,—but I will be amongſt them as faſt as I can walk.—If I lean over this rail, I ſhall ſee them all come aſhore.—

Mercy on me!—I think the whole city of LONDON is aboard of ſhip!—ſix!—eight!—ten!—twenty!—thirty! fifty!—ſeventy!—I can never go on reckoning at this rate.—What!—are all the ſhops ſhut up?—

—Or have you been all *bit*, good people?—

—Or

—Or are you come here to be *bit*?

—The wind has been dreadfully against you the whole way!—

—Why, as fast as the boats fill, the deck is covered again with new faces that rise out of the hold!—There is no end of it!—I will positively count no more.—Nay, ladies, you need not say how sick you have been,—your looks will vouch for you.—A tedious passage,—high sea,—all the pumps continually going,—and no room to stir, even to the ship's side, on necessary calls—it is monstrously inconvenient!—but it is *a party of pleasure*, and that is enough.—

Ha!—What is your Worship come down too?—and Madam?—and little Miss?—pray take care how you get up the steps.—All for the water, I suppose?—

Give

Give that fat lady, in the *Brunswick*, your arm, my lad ;—don't you see how lame she is ?—poor soul !—scarce a leg to stand on.—If the sea can set her upright, it must work a miracle !—

Considering the freight, and the live stock, these vessels have brought down, I am in astonishment where they could stow so many odd bundles, and bandboxes besides.—Why there is two at least to every passenger,—filled, no doubt, with all the newest-fashioned curls,—pompoons—caps,—and apologies for caps.—We shall certainly have a general review of them at MITCHENER'S next Ball,—and the heads they belong to—and the people who own the heads.—

But now all the world is scampering another way after two coaches
and

and four, and three post-chaifes;—butchers,—bakers,—hair-dressers,—and milliners,—running in a cloud of dust at their side; and all the bathers elbowing each other, and contending for the honour of ducking the company who are in them.—

—The more the merrier, if you can but find beds to creep into.—Well,—it is a mighty pleasant thing to be on one's travels,—and nothing so fashionable—for sick, or well, no body stays at home.—

I am glad, however, that I have got the start of some of you, and am not just setting out on mine.—

THE RIDE.

I GROW weary of the traveller, who pesters one with every thing he sees; carrying his pen and ink, like an *exciseman*, at his button-hole, to minute down his observations on every gutter he crosses. — There is scarcely any considerable object, between SHOOTER'S HILL and MOUNT ÆTNA, which hath not been described, well, or ill, by some author or other; — a hint strong enough to determine me to describe nothing professedly, — but to travel and write in my own way, which I can demonstrate to be the very best way yet hit on, and attended with the least fatigue to those who travel with one.

—Whoever gives long, or laboured
 3 descriptions,

descriptions, loads his reader with a quantity of *matter of fact* which lies a dead weight on his head, as he goes on, and which many indeed have not a head to bear;—but by offering him no more than SKETCHES, his imagination (should the out-lines be judiciously taken) is complimented, and set at work; busied to fill up all the lights and shades, and give every part its true tone of colouring.—

Wherever I turn my eye, NATURE is the great object it fixes on.—I catch all the little incidents she throws in my way,—whether they arise from her *silent scenes* that solicit our admiration, or from her *active ones* that interest our passions.—This steady attention to all her movements, renders my walks and my rides luxurious;—I contemplate with delight the simplicity

plicity of the cottager, and all the domestic occurrences of artless life—not a shell, or a sea-weed, that the wave throws on the shore; not a wild flower that illumines the corn-field, nor a butterfly that flutters across my horse's head, but awakens some agreeable idea in my mind.—

LA PIERRE when he is riding with me, often interrupts me with his officious care; and conceives I am not well when I stop short on a sudden, to muse over any of these trivial circumstances.—He has so much *naïveté* and good humour, that one cannot be displeased with him; and too much of the Frenchman to comprehend what it is that engages me.—The *je ne vois rien*, which is his common reply, may come as naturally from the mouth of many of my readers, who

who are daily treading under foot, or passing by unnoticed, the little objects which contribute to my entertainment.—

The reason is, that their eyes are looking another way.—

Ab! voilà mon païs! cries LA PIERRE, with an emphasis that shewed the exclamation was warm from his heart.—So I knew *which way his eyes were looking*—for I was just then riding in a most lovely evening, on that beautiful terrace that runs from the NORTH FORELAND, to BROAD STAIRS, with the FRENCH coast stretched in full view before me.—My mind kindled with delight, at the sight of the azure expanse of waters beneath me, and the many busy white sails that were cutting their way across it.—The radiance of the setting sun descending

in flames of gold, gave a glow to every thing around—the inmost recesses of my breast felt its warmth.—

I wonder, says LA PIERRE, what they are doing just now at AMIENS?—

—Why undoubtedly closing such a day as this with a dance.—

—And dancing at PARIS,—and at LYONS,—and in the plains of LANGUEDOC — and along the shore of MARSEILLE—and in the Moon too, for any thing we know to the contrary.—

Vive la joie—a cheerful heart can never be a bad one!—

—The deuce take this poor fellow's inquisitiveness, for starting up all these ideas, for now that he has got me as far as MARSEILLE, I am in the midst of all their *bastides* and *orangeries*, and all the glitter and perfume

fume of that enchanting coast!—and I am dancing with them, under their mulberry-trees, to the tabour and pipe ;—and my ear is full of their little sprightly airs,—and my mind crowded with a thousand occurrences that befell me there.—

— Well, *vive la joie encore* ; — and as memory, says I, can ride post at this rate, I'll often have a peep at you, and dance with you again, and again.—

Thou art a happy, lively, sensible people!—Thy country teems with men of genius, who cultivate those arts which embellish life ; and that ease of manners which sweetens society!—when nature hath placed us so near each other, I grieve we should be so frequently foes!—

A plague on the paltry interests of

the world!—that the catching a little fish in another quarter of the globe, or a contest for a little dominion, in a land of savages, should arm nation against nation,—make them suspend all the graces of courtesy,—and involve such legions of wretches in the complicated miseries of war!—

THE OLD SERVANT.

THE reflected light from the white cliffs of FRANCE, on which my eyes were fixed, made them appear to press forward on my sight ; and while my imagination was taking a frisk from the STREIGHTS OF DOVER, to the MEDITERRANEAN, and dropping a sigh, over political necessity—I found I had thrown the reins of my horse on his neck, who had taken the advantage of my inattention, to pick up a little clover that grew by the way-side.—

—Nay,—if it be thy will, old companion, says I, e'en take the other bite ;—the farmer will be never the poorer for the mouthful thou shalt carry away ;—did he know thy good

qualities, he would let thee eat thy fill.—

—I will not interrupt thy pleasurable moments,—so prithee feed on.—Long have I wished an occasion to record thy deserts, thou faithful old servant!—It now presents itself,—and thou shalt have a page in my book, though it provoke the sneer of the critic.—It is thy due, for thou hast given me health.—Full many a year hast thou journeyed with me, through the uneven ways of the world!—We have tugged up many a steep hill, and borne the buffet of the tempest together!—I have had the labours of thy youth, and thy age hath a claim on me, which, while I have sixpence in my pocket, I dare not refuse.—

—Thou shalt not, when thy strength
is

is exhausted, be consigned to poverty and toil!—or, as thou passest by my door, lashed on by some unfeeling owner, look at me with the severe eye of reproach!—

—Had THAT HAND, which fashioned us both, endued thy species with the faculty of speech, in what bitterness of heart would they complain of the ingratitude of ours!—

—In the wide extent of the animal reign, there scarce exists an object from which man may not borrow some useful hint;—thou, my trusty friend, hast offered me no inconsiderable one;—thou never aimed to appear what thou wast not;—a steady walk, or a cheerful trot, was all thou attempted,—nay, perhaps it was as much as thy master himself aspired to;—and when remembrance shall be

weighing thy merits, the scale shall turn in thy favor, when I reflect, that thou scorned to desert the path of *nature* for the perilous one of *affectation*!—

—Is it not owing to this error, that so many *nags*, whom Providence had destined for the *plough*, or the *shaft*, are daily provoking a *horse-laugh* in the world, by awkwardly striving to imitate the graces of the *turf*, or the caprioles of the *manage*?

THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

AS I devoted most of my afternoons to CLERMONT, and his family,—on calling in, this evening, I found AMELIA had sent MARIANNE to the rooms, with some young people of her acquaintance.—I have almost been compelled, says she, to force her out ;—she loves retirement much more than I wish her to do—I think her spirits, though commonly very good, require sometimes the relaxation of public scenes, to divert them from the recollection of domestic events, which are every now and then painful to her.—And yet, if it is not to accompany me, it is with the utmost difficulty, I can prevail on her to mix in the world.

—I be-

—I believe, in general, said I, Madam, that young and ingenuous minds, whose expectations of it have been somewhat deceived, are not easily brought to be on good terms with it again:—the hope of youth is ardent, and its sensibility proportionably acute.—

—I fear, indeed, returned AMELIA, that such have been her impressions; and as she has a heart fashioned for all the virtues of society, I most earnestly wish to see them effaced.—I know she entertains the highest opinion of you, and is much flattered by the attention you have shewn her;—a few hints therefore from you, when opportunity offers, would, I am persuaded, have great weight with her;—and as we are now alone, if my brother will take up the news-paper,
and

and suspend his party for half an hour, I will add a few particulars to the general idea I have given you before, of her situation; and she shall know from me, that you are apprized of the whole.—

—When my much-loved friend, her mother, died, she left only two children, —MARIANNE, who had then just compleated her sixteenth year, and her brother EDMUND, who was three-and-twenty;—but so opposite were their characters, that no one who knew them intimately, could have supposed they sprang from the same parents.—She, all tenderness and undissimulated nature;—he, a compound of artifice, and meanness, —guiding every action by avarice and interest, but varnishing his deportment with so much

much plausibility, that his hypocrisy not only deceived the world into a favourable opinion of him, but imposed on the heart of his sister, even though she sometimes doubted his conduct.

Though the father survived his lady near four years, yet her loss affected him so deeply, that his health began to decline apace.—EDMUND had so industriously practised on him, all his assumed powers to please, and was besides on such excellent terms with himself, that he doubted not but his merits would inevitably intitle him to the whole inheritance of his father's estate ;—and as a sister was a very inconsiderable object in a family, he conceived the trifling portion which would be allotted her, he might be easily

easily able to pay off, by his profession at the bar, which began now to be profitable to him.

While EDMUND's vanity was nourishing these flattering ideas, the conduct of MARIANNE towards her father, was such as is the natural result of the truest affection and duty.—Whether his penetration ever contrasted the real characters of his two children, we know not—he appeared to testify an equal regard to both ;—but in the disposition of his affairs, which was communicated to no one till his death, he acted differently from the generality of parents ; who suffer their pride totally to subdue the feelings of nature, when, to aggrandize one child, they too often leave all the rest who have been equally the objects of their tenderness, either in a state of dependence,

dance, or bequeath them such a disproportionate provision, as they can but with the utmost difficulty, subsist on—a conduct, which, however it may be influenced by political views, hath ever appeared to be irreconcilable with parental tendernefs.—

On my conscience, sister, says CLERMONT (taking his eyes from the newspaper he was reading) you argue this matter admirably well!—You will have all the younger children in the nation of the same opinion!—

—Prithee, brother, do not disturb my story.—

—Do not make it longer than than the *Evening-post*,—for I must have my party at back-gammon.—

THE STORY OF MARIANNE.

IMMEDIATELY on the father's death, resumed AMELIA—who had never even hinted to his children, the testamentary disposition he had made—EDMUND privately opened his will, and to his great astonishment, found his father had bequeathed the sum of ten thousand pounds to MARIANNE, chargeable on his estate, which was valued at about twenty-three thousand,—leaving his son the estate, together with the sum of two thousand pounds, which he had in money.—

This so thoroughly disconcerted EDMUND's views, that, availing himself of a declaration dropped from his sister, that she never had heard her father mention a will; he conceived
the

the idea of concealing this, he had found ; and it was presumed in the family that there actually existed none ; —but a duplicate having been deposited by the father, in the hands of a friend, who was gone to settle some affairs at LISBON, at his return three months after, understanding that his old acquaintance was deceased during his absence, he waited on the family with the counterpart, that had been entrusted to his care.—

This circumstance threw EDMUND into such a consternation, as wanted an explanation, to those who were witnesses of it ; though the real cause was sometime after conjectured, when the other part of the will (to which there was a reference on the cover of the duplicate) was produced by EDMUND, and pretended to be found very

2

obscurely

obscurely mixed, among some insignificant papers of his father's.

MARIANNE had too much penetration not to be startled at this accident;—it led her to suspicions not very favourable to her brother,—but it offered her a noble and unexpected independency; and gave a heart so full of sensibility as her's, the highest joy; as it was the strongest testimony of her father's having approved the duty and affection she had shewn him.—

EDMUND began now to call in aid, that hypocrisy, of which he was so much master;—he affected to veil his disappointment with great good humour,—he paid every possible attention to his sister; and often expressed his satisfaction, at the provision his father had made for her.—At other

times, when he found opportunities that were favourable, he would put on a dejected air,—lament the concern he felt to part with the family estate,—which he acquainted her he must be under the necessity of doing, from his inability to keep it up, with such a heavy charge as her fortune was, on it; which infinitely exceeded in proportion, the usual dispositions made to daughters,—that he had besides contracted several large debts in his father's life-time, which would overshadow all his future pursuits,—and in conclusion, that he saw no method by which he could be extricated from the many difficulties that pressed him, unless MARIANNE would, from her affection to him, relinquish part of her claim.—He added, that no one was so near to her, as himself,—nor did his

modesty

modesty scruple to hint, that half the sum his father had bequeathed her, would command whatever a reasonable woman could require.—

MARIANNE, who knew that the exact parsimony which directed EDMUND's conduct, by no means tallied with the declaration he had made concerning his private incumbrances, often felt the awkwardness of her situation;—it startled—it embarrassed her;—and her benevolence, ever more awake than her caution, prompted her one day, when he had renewed the same subject, to say, in general terms, that a brother's happiness could not but influence hers,—that the generosity of her father had been his own free act, and till the production of his will, totally unknown to her,—and that, should any event in life

arise, in which she could be instrumental to his welfare, he might rest satisfied, she should retain a disposition of being so.—

—Avarice often defeats its own designs, by pursuing them with an ill-judged ardour!—this was EDMUND'S case,—who, conceiving that the kind avowal of his sister would precipitate her into his stratagem, thought it now a favourable crisis to produce a deed that he had prepared;—whereby, from motives of affection, she agreed, that in case his affairs should require it, to accept of five thousand pounds for her fortune, in lieu of the ten thousand, bequeathed her by her father;—he affected indeed to give a plausible colour to the proposal, by saying, that it rested on events very remote—that most probably he never
 3 should

should stand in need of it,—but only wished that the deed should remain as *a mark of love* between them.—

MARIANNE instantly saw through the design, and turned pale at the idea of its baseness;—she concealed however, in some measure, her indignation; and with as much composure as she could summon, told EDMUND, that his proposal was beyond her power to gratify;—and though you dignify it, says she, with the appellation of *a mark of love*, yet believe me, brother, it is not only unworthy of you, but unworthy of me—it betrays a total diffidence in my honour, by endeavouring to fetter, with the obligations of law, any act of affection which ought only to be the result of inclination,—nor should *compulsion*

ever effect that in my heart, which *choice* could not decide.—

EDMUND endeavoured to explain away the ill appearance of his design, by wishing her to think, it was only in consequence of the good intentions which she had testified towards him;—and MARIANNE retiring, left him in full possession of those feelings, which arise from the miscarriage and detection of a dishonourable action.—

As my young friend had been trained up by her deceased mother, to look on me with the most affectionate regard, she had accustomed herself, on every occasion, to open her heart to me without reserve.—I perceived how much it was distressed by her brother's conduct; and having, immediately

immediately on her father's death, invited her to the protection of my roof, I now saw many reasons to insist on her accepting it without delay ; —which she accordingly soon did,—preserving at the same time, all those appearances, which we both of us wished should still be maintained.

—I will not dwell longer on a character which can only afford pain to a man of your turn of mind ; let me only add, that EDMUND had free access to my house whenever he pleased, and continued to be received, if not with confidence, yet always with attention ;—till an event arose, which of necessity precluded him from any future intercourse with us.

—MARIANNE's father had testified a particular regard to a young man of good family, of the name of STER-

LING, with some of whose relations, he had been much connected; he had also sufficient interest to introduce him so fortunately into the service of the *EAST INDIA Company*, that by his abilities and good conduct, he was appointed to the command of a ship, at a much earlier period than young men in general attain such promotion; and had, by the time her father died, made one voyage as captain, with great credit and advantage to himself, and was on his return from his second.—

The grateful sense he ever retained of her father's services, made Captain STERLING, when at home, a frequent visitor at the house; and it was about seven months before he returned from his second voyage, that he lost his friend and benefactor.—As his family

mily and mine, had also enjoyed a long intimacy, he was accustomed to call on me often ; but I found his visits now were more than usually repeated ; and soon perceived there was a person under my roof, that attracted him more strongly than myself ;—I thought also, that the attachment was apparently reciprocal on the part of my young friend,—and I saw it with infinite pleasure—as I sincerely wished an union, which on both sides bid so fair for happiness.

Captain STERLING was about nine years older than MARIANNE ; his figure was pleasing and manly,—he possessed great delicacy of sentiment,—and was one who governed his life by the principles of the nicest honour ;—he was as much enamoured of her mind, as of her person,—and his love
was

was possibly heightened by the idea of her being the daughter of a friend, whose kind offices he ever recollected with the warmest gratitude.—

Her affection was founded on a basis equally firm :—She had known him long ;—she respected the amiableness of his character,—admired his cheerful, open temper,—and regarded him as a protector and companion, with whom she could, hand in hand, securely tread the paths of future life.—It was a contract, uncontaminated on either side by interest ;—and as their wills depended on themselves, they had nothing but their own hearts to consult.—

—There was only one obstacle, which prevented the immediate completion of their wishes :—The reputation that Captain STERLING had acquired

quired among the *Directors*, had procured him soon after his return, a nomination to go out to MADRASS and CHINA, which is generally regarded as the most lucrative station to be named to,—and he was appointed to command the *INGOT*, esteemed the finest ship in the *Company's* service.—As this was to be his last voyage, and that which would compleat his fortune, there were many reasons to induce them to defer their intended marriage till his return, which would not exceed eighteen, or twenty months, and which is now in a few weeks expected.—

—I hope, sister, says CLERMONT, turning round, that you will soon release my friend, from the corner, where you have penned him up—I am got within sight of the *worm cakes*
and

and the *anodyne necklace*—but, however finish your story.—

—As this intended union, continued AMELIA, wore so fair a face to those who most wished its completion, though it disconcerted the secret hopes which EDMUND still entertained of getting part of his sister's fortune, yet it precluded him from shewing any disapprobation of it ;—he affected to be greatly pleased,—and to the few, who knew him as well as I did, he even made himself ridiculous by his over-acted satisfaction,—though all this was put on but the better to conceal his designs, which were as ill concerted, as they were base.

—There is evermore, Madam, said, I, a strange degree of weakness, which accompanies the actions of bad men ;
and

and it often seems, by this unguarded part of their conduct, that Providence makes them the instruments of their own detection !—

Your remark, replied AMELIA, was fully justified in EDMUND, who, some time after Captain STERLING's departure, began to speak of him in cooler terms than he was wont ; frequently throwing out in conversation with his sister,—that the dispositions of gentlemen trained to the sea, partook much of the unsteadiness of the element they sail over ;—that they were in reality as little to be relied on, being fond of forming attachments in every port ;—and after thus gradually awakening her mind to distrust, intimated, under the sanction of confidence, that he had reason to believe there was one already subsisting between

tween

tween her admirer, and a Miss DANVERS, whom the Captain had taken out with him to MADRASS;—that however unpleasant the task was, his own fraternal affection prompted him to hint thus much; and to add, that the constancy of his own sex could not be much boasted of; and that the woman who built her happiness on the fidelity of a husband, knew not to how slight a hold she trusted her peace.—

This was probably just the point his artifice led to,—his aim being first to raise doubts of her lover, the transition from which, to coolness, would by no means be unnatural,—and if her present engagement could be diverted, it was possible, that disappointment might make her cautious of forming a second.—At all events;

it was a chance in his favour ;—and I was much surpris'd when she communicated to me what had pass'd, to perceive that EDMUND had by his address so practis'd on her mind, as to have greatly staggered her in her opinion of STERLING.—The supposed indignity disturb'd her ;—and the goodness of her own heart, left her too unguarded against the duplicity of her brother.

I represented to MARIANNE, that the warmth of her affection must have betrayed her into this ill-founded alarm, and made her inattentive to the channel through which it was communicated ; — that as to Miss DANVERS, I knew enough of her, totally to discredit the illiberal scandal, — that she had a first cousin at MADRASS, who, having acquired a considerable

siderable fortune, had solicited her; and her mother (who were his nearest relations) to come over, and settle near him,—that the mother was ever esteemed a sensible, discreet lady,—and as this appeared to me, to be a most injurious aspersions, I assured her, that I would, for our mutual satisfaction, endeavour to trace it to its source.

—There being a ship on the point of sailing, which was destined immediately to MADRASS, there was a chance of its reaching that place nearly as soon as the INGOT; whose voyage thither, must have been retarded by her stay at the island of MADEIRA. —I wrote therefore, to Captain STERLING; and in the most delicate manner I could, told him the insinuations that had been poured into MARI-
ANNE'S

ANNE'S ears ;—that the high opinion we both entertained of his honour, forbade us to give credit to them ;—but that I judged it proper to apprize him of the aspersion, that he might make my friend, who was the most interested about it, perfectly easy.

My letter reached him at MADRASS ; and fortunately came to hand just as an express was about setting out, to come over-land to the *Company*,—by which he answered me in those ingenuous terms, which ever characterize innocence.—He told me, that the insinuations I alluded to, were so unjust, that he had forbore communicating them to Miss DANVERS, whom he had conducted in safety to her cousin, who had made him the most generous acknowledgments ;—that he doubted not but that this ma-

licious artifice, originated from some one, who wished to sow dissention between him, and the object of his happiness;—in confirmation of which, he enclosed me a letter, under the signature of *A True Friend*, which had reached him just as he was sailing from MADEIRA,—reflecting on MARIANNE, as being fond of every new admirer; and counselling him not to preserve his heart for a woman, whose vanity sought for conquest over many.—But I have wrote, added he, to assure her, that my reliance on her affection, remains the same;—and that this work of some malevolent spirit, would, I trust, as little influence her's—as love can only live where confidence reigns; and it were impossible that confidence and jealousy could exist together.—

—Shocking

—Shocking as the idea was, MARIANNE and myself, after duly weighing every circumstance, had now no doubt, but that this intended mischief was the last unhappy stratagem of EDMUND; nor did we long wait an opportunity, to tax him as the author of a design, which struck at the peace of so many hearts.

—However the practice of well-studied hypocrisy may enable a man to look a falsehood to the world, yet events unprepared for, may, by their suddenness, often surprise him into conviction!—there is a language of nature impressed on the human countenance, far more powerful than words!—and when I produced him the anonymous letter sent to MADEIRA, his features all bore witness against a tongue, that faltered in his own defence—

fence;—he trembled—he changed colour,—the blood which before was wont to animate his cheek, flew instantly to his heart, and his heart ashamed of it, dashed it back into his face.—His confused justification but strengthened the proof—and he stood before us, a pitiable example to how abject a situation a man may degrade himself, whose mind is contaminated by baseness, and dishonour.—

It was a scene too painful to all, to be prolonged; I therefore immediately closed it, and leading MARIANNE out of the room, told him, that as he had so effectually torn asunder every tie of affection he might have claimed in a sister's heart, I now judged it necessary, not only for her happiness, but for her safety, that he should have no future intercourse with her;
—and

—and I was compelled to add, that as long as she regarded me as her protectress, my own roof would allow him none.—

Her fortune was soon after demanded and paid, through my solicitor, without any interview of the parties—and if a ship, that is gone out to INDIA, hath met with the INGOT at the CAPE, as it was expected she would, Captain STERLING, who was no stranger to some of the circumstances I have related, hath before this time been fully informed of all that hath passed since.—

—'Tis rarely now, that the name of EDMUND is mentioned; but I fear past events still sometimes come across her mind.—His conduct hath long extinguished the emotions of affection—yet

her sensibility makes her feel for his lost honour.—

—The picture, Madam, said I, which you have drawn, presents a character totally unworthy of disquieting the thoughts of your amiable friend—I wish I could have sufficient influence to efface the recollection of it.—Her sentiments however, do credit to her humanity—but it is in vain we are solicitous for the honour of those, who have not virtue enough themselves to be the guardians of their own reputation!—

PLAIN TRUTH.

I HOLD it expedient for our happiness, says CLERMONT (throwing the news-paper from his hand) that we should fix our eyes, as we journey forward, on such characters as spread a sun-shine over human life, and not on those dark ones that throw a gloom over it.—We had better, I think, sister, consign the hero of your story to oblivion—or to the unenviable society of some of the *dramatis personæ*, who have furnished paragraphs in the paper I have been reading.—

“ —*A married gentleman, with a large family, gone off to France with his young ward.*”—

—“ *Two capital forgeries in the city.*”—

—“ *Three divorces litigating in Doctors Commons.*”—

—“ *And an elderly lady of fashion found in bed with her postillion.*”—

Scandal enough in conscience for one *Evening-post* !

—I would not willingly, continued CLERMONT, believe the world to be one jot less virtuous, than it was thirty years ago,—but I am confident people formerly took greater pains to conceal their vices ; and had at least the merit of standing more in awe of public censure, which, by what I learn since my return to ENGLAND, hath now far less influence over their actions.—

Your observation, brother, replied AMELIA, is but too just,—the indifference shewn to it, and the countenance given to those, who have violated
the

the decorums of society, must undoubtedly more forcibly strike you, who have been so many years absent, than it does us, who may have remarked the progress of this evil.—The lady who helped the news-writer to the last paragraph, will not probably at her next rout, have one card-table the less on the *postillion's account*;—nay, what will startle you more,—those who censure her most, will be of her party;—great dinners—great assemblies — or that happy innovation, a Sunday-night's concert — though given by people whose conduct every one condemns—will draw together many, who one should think would blush to be seen at them;—and I much fear, that the fashionable carelessness which is shewn in matters of this nature, while it reflects but little credit
on

on the present age, may, by its example, be severely felt in that which is to succeed it.—

Faith, Madam, resumed CLERMONT, with some warmth, in my opinion, the countenancing those who are capable of ill actions, is but one remove from committing them;—society is equally insulted.—I cannot, however, compliment you on the *refinement* of your manners, which seem more calculated to take off *every* restraint, than to awaken *any* emulation;—the next generation will owe you nothing for it.—If meritorious characters are, without discrimination, levelled with such, as have deviated from the paths of honour, in God's name *what becomes of virtue?*—

—That, returned AMELIA, is but too often left to be *its own reward*,—
and

and I trust, it will never want argument to maintain its own consequence, whilst the *reward* it offers, is that *sense of conscious rectitude*, which the mind of man, however buoyed up by flattery and fashion, can never long dispense with the want of.—

—As it is much easier to find fault with the world, than to mend it, I put an end to the conversation, by ordering the backgammon table into the room;—though I thought that my friend's ideas on the subject, were replete with *good sense* and *plain truth*.

THE BALL-ROOM.

WHAT the deuce had I in my thoughts, when I popped my head into the ball-room?—I, who have so many things more essential to dance after, than a fiddle?—But I hate to pass a door, where every one is carrying their best spirits—besides, all the world was at MICHENER'S,—so, paying my half crown, I took a sweat, on one of the snug, superannuated benches.—

—Now of all the chapters I have ever wrote,—or ever shall write,—either in the present,—or in any other work,—this, is that which must be handled with the greatest nicety.—Some good angel guide my pen!—for a drop of ink too much, may blot out the interest I wish

wish to maintain in my reader's affection.—

—I am well aware, that this is the chapter which will be the most looked into,—be the most thumbed,—and after all, be that which will please the least, in the whole book.—Even while I am this moment musing over it, my fancy anticipates the great demands that will be made for it, at the *circulating library*.—I hear Mr. HALL, in the most obliging manner, assert, that *it is out*.—" But it is the *second volume* I am *dying* for,—and my cousin Peggy will be quite *distracted*, if she cannot have it this evening."—

If you will believe me, Madam, returns Mr. HALL (with the most feeling concern for the sad events of *Death* and *Distraction* predicted to arise from
this

this disappointment) I have no less than six sets, and not one of either of the volumes at home.—Lady FANNY in the ROPE-WALK, has been down twice herself after the *second*,—and two ladies on the PARADE, are, I fear, affronted at sending so often, without obtaining it:—In the mean time, Madam, I have the TOYSHOP at your service, or I can send you home NOW, THE DELICATE EMBARRASSMENT.—

—I wish from my heart, that this eager curiosity after the present chapter, be not somewhat stimulated by a little tincture, compounded of a small portion of self-sufficiency, and ill-nature,—which, however unwilling we are to own it, I fear most of us carry about; and which prompts us
but

but too often, to divert ourselves at another's expence.—

—I am confident, that many will expect to see here a collection of portraits drawn from real life—to find some awkward minuet recorded,—or some mistaken graces they may themselves have recollected, and condemned.—But whoever thou art, who turnest over this page, if such be thy expectations, thou knowest but little of his disposition who now is writing it.—My pen may stigmatize vice and folly ;—it may blame *the sacrifice*—but never shall mark *the votary*.—

—Was not I ingenuous enough to tell you beforehand, that this chapter would prove but an unsatisfactory one?—It could not be otherwise.—The subject was in truth totally out of my way.—

—Be so good Madam, as to read the title of my book—

S K E T C H E S

F R O M

N A T U R E.

—Who could ever dream of making any in a ball-room?—

—And so my dear creatures you may all dance on, just as you did before.—

THE BALL-ROOM.

HAVING, in the last page, made a genteel bow to all maiden aunts,—gossiping dowagers,—and to the unnecessarily inquisitive of both sexes,—I will, with my reader's indulgence, offer an observation or two, that has frequently occurred to me in a ball-room.

—I am fond of every amusement that brings people together in cheerfulness and good-humour.—Dancing is unquestionably one of the number;—it is enlivening, though from different motives, both to youth, and age;—it gives a certain air and deportment to the person who is well grounded in the art; and sets off the young, and the elegant, with great

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advantage to each other.—I was myself once a pupil of the famous MARCEL at PARIS, though no one who now views my curved and ungain figure, would suppose it.—My spirits however, are to this moment always in the dance;—and my long legs have still such a propensity to be moved by the sound of a fiddle, that in the corner where I was stationed last night, they would willingly have kept pace with the tune, had not I perceived that my knees were beating time, against a certain part of a very fat lady before me, which lapped six inches over them, and which (had there been a possibility) I should have truly rejoiced she had left at home.—

—I wish, by the bye, that in theatres, and other places of public resort,

fort, where the proprietors are interested to place the benches, much closer together than suits the ease of the spectator, *a master of the ceremonies* was appointed; who, as people seated themselves, should take their altitudes, projections, and circumferences, and dispose them in such a manner, that they might have nothing to complain of, before, or behind.—

—But to return to the dance.—

I must own I am rather sorry to observe, that the COTILLON begins to be introduced into our balls.—How far more experience in those dances, may improve us in them, I know not; but I have scarcely as yet, seen the figure gone through without interruption.—Besides, we seem to want

that festivity, and that *enjouement*, which hath made me view them with so much pleasure in FRANCE.—Whoever has attended to them, even in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE, at SAINT ESPRIT, or at any of the *guinguettes* about PARIS, must have remarked, that *the soul dances with the body*, and every feature of the face tells you it does.—

Another objection to their coming into public use here, is, that they occupy a very large space in a room, and employ but very few; so that in a crowded assembly, the far greater number must be merely spectators, and the few who dance, become extremely distinguished;—whilst the whimsical steps, and high capers, which are practised in our

ENGLISH COTILLON, furnish more of a *spectacle*, than many ladies may choose to contribute to.—

—OUR OWN COUNTRY DANCES, have the peculiar advantage of admitting a very large number to join in them.—I have seen them practised and admired, in most parts of EUROPE ; and they are in my idea, infinitely better calculated to display, that elegant ease of motion, which has been so properly termed *swimming in the dance* ; and which would inevitably be lost, should we apply to them, the theatrical steps, which the professors of the COTILLON now teach.

—As dancing is an act of hilarity, I think in general, that we appear to make too *serious* a business of it.—The exercise gives an impulse to circulation.—We may also allow

something to the animation of music, —and far more to the animation of sentiment, naturally excited by being engaged in so pleasing a familiarity, with the sex we most wish to appear favourably to;—and yet, in almost every ball-room, how many couple do we see *journeying* down a dance, with such *serious* countenances, as if they were rather toiling through a penance imposed them, than engaged in a voluntary amusement!—

—It is certainly being undesirably philosophical, to feel pleasure, without expressing it.—

—Nothing is more calculated than the MINUET, to shew an elegant figure to advantage;—it is the art of moving with grace and ease,—but to dance in that degree of taste, as to command admiration, requires early instruction,

instruction, good judgment, and a nice ear, superadded to many personal endowments.—As greatly to excel therefore, in this accomplishment, can happen but to few, a moderate knowledge of it may be dispensed with, and attended to ;—but it were far better declined by the many, who attempt it, without any of the requisites.

—Acts, which are the *efforts of grace*, ought to be *gracefully* performed !—And as there is some path, or other, in which every one may walk with propriety and success, it is a sad mistake, when we place ourselves, unnecessarily, in such conspicuous situations, as we are totally unsuited to appear in.—

When discord agitated the assembly

of the Gods, and their wrangles had made a bear-garden of OLYMPUS, HOMER makes VULCAN take up the goblet of Nectar, and hand it about among them, that they might drink themselves into better humour.

—Now VULCAN was altogether one of the best of the whole crew;—he was honest,—he was industrious,—he was a peace-maker,—and added to all—he was a husband for any age, or any country;—for he could amuse himself with forging a nail, or a horse-shoe, while his wife was cuckolding him in heaven, and on earth.—

—It was an absurdity in VULCAN, who was naturally very awkward,—and accidentally very lame,—to affect an office which demanded the
grace

grace of a GANYMEDE;—the consequence was,—that he diverted the attention of every deity present, from their own concerns, and forced a good-humoured laugh from the whole assembly.—

THE INDIA-MEN.

LA PIERRE hath so much vivacity, blended with so much natural courtesy,—and possesses besides, so strong a disposition to thrust himself into every place where intelligence is to be procured, that nothing is stirring from one end of MARGATE to the other, that doth not come to his knowledge.—He is never without a *bouquet* in his bosom, which he presents to the first *fille de chambre* of his acquaintance that he meets ;—his great pride is to be admitted to their tea-tables; and his easy, happy spirits, make him perfectly at home, wherever he goes.—

—The poor fellow could hardly make my coffee at breakfast, with-

I

out

out burning his fingers, from his impatience to tell me, that he had been down on the *Pier* to see two INDIA-MEN, which were lying off the town, and had come to an anchor the preceding evening,—pulling, at the same time, from his jacket-pocket, a squeezed-up silk handkerchief, to shew me, which he had bought from some one who had been aboard.

—Pray have you inquired, said I, whether - - -

O oui, Monsieur, vous voulez dire - - -

What would you answer my question before you know it?—

—No, Sir; but I supposed you was going to ask, if either of these was the INGOT—so I ran down to the circulating library, to get their names,—and *Monsieur* HALL tells me, that the INGOT is expected to be in the

Downs

Downs in less than three weeks,—being sailed for IRELAND, to do her business there,—or the Captain's business,—or somebody's business,—*apparemment pour faire ses affaires.*

—If *Monsieur* should not ride out this morning, there are two or three servants, who live with the FRENCH family in the ROPE-WALK, who have got leave to go aboard, and would take me with them in their boat.—I never was in a large ship; and besides, I should like to buy two or three fans to give to Madam AMELIA's maids, who are always so polite to me.—

—Thou art heartily welcome to make one of the party, said I, and take thy own time.—I see, LA PIERRE, thou wilt never be worth a piece of *Trente sous*, while there is a bawble to be

be purchased, or a petticoat to present it to.—After this permission, he would not have stayed to get his breakfast, though he had been sure of eating nothing for the next twenty-four hours.

—No circumstance makes the towns on the coast of KENT more alive, than the coming in of the INDIA-MEN—all is then in motion.—I took a walk on the cliffs on purpose to enjoy the bustle of the scene;—the sea looked uncommonly gay,—the ships riding at anchor, with their colours flying,—boats busied in carrying them fresh provisions from the shore,—so many little vessels plying about them, and those of the custom-house, lying beside them, as guards,—while parties of company from MARGATE, and others, who come down from LONDON

to meet their friends on board, covered the fine blue surface with a multitude of little sails.—

—A ship that hath traversed the globe, and cut her passage through a world of waters, that, after sustaining a variety of climates, and all the conflicts of opposing elements, arrives at last at her destined port, hath ever appeared to me as an object which conveys an infinite pleasure to the mind!—I cannot but reflect, that every Being she brings back, standing in one, or other of the relations of husband, parent, son, or friend,—hath many hearts that anxiously beat for his return,—many eyes that wait with eagerness to catch the first look,—and ears that impatiently long to know, how the said interval of absence hath passed away!—When the
 imagination

imagination multiplies this, by the number that forms the complement of a large ship, it views all the tenderest affections of the soul, set afloat by her safe arrival!—

— Whilst benevolence contemplates such a visionary scene, the vicissitudes of life induce our humanity to offer up a silent wish,—that no tale of woe may remain to be unfolded, whose distress shall overcloud the sun-shine, or blast the happy expectations that hope hath cherished!—

THE FORT.

I KNOW not how it hath come about, that I have led my reader through one volume, and half through a second, without ever once conducting him up to the FORT;—where, if he is a lover of NATURE, he will be charmed,—and if he is not, I fear I shall have but little interest with him, either on the FORT, or elsewhere—who have vowed myself to her service, and devoted all my attention to this glorious mistress.—It is from a shabby bench, placed on this summit, that I frequently muse over the noble prospect that is spread beneath.—Before me, the eye is lost in sea and air,—but extending sideways, takes in the winding cliffs from the NORTH
FORELAND

FORELAND to the Isle of SHEPEY, with all the interspersed villages to the left, that enrich the coast,—terminated by the church of the Two SISTERS—whose double spires not only embellish the scene, but rise up a faithful guide to the mariner.

—As I returned along the northern cliff from my walk, intending to make my accustomed halt at the FORT, I perceived my bench was possessed by a lady; and whom I found, on a nearer approach, to be the amiable MARIANNE.—I knew she could not but be an interested spectator of the scene before her; which must, in idea, anticipate the return of one, on whom her future happiness so much depended.—She was dressed simply elegant; and wore, in compliment to her Lover who had presented her with

it, a beautiful chintz negligee, tied up with green ribband, and a hat decorated with ribband of the same colour.—As I sat down by her, she assumed a smile, though there was a pensiveness on her brow; yet at the same time, there appeared so much sense and character in her countenance, as could not but interest whoever approached her.—I complimented her on the arrival of the ships, that were then lying full in our view, and on the welcome news they had brought, of the INGOT's being so near home.—I meet it indeed, she replied, as a circumstance of real joy;—nor ought I to sigh, if the path of life I have trodden, hath been uneven, provided it leads to happiness at last.—

—And what better termination, said I, can the smoothest conduct us to?—

to?—It is no unpleasing idea, which some have entertained, that every one hath a *guardian spirit* hovering near, whose friendly office it is, to give us safe convoy through all the difficulties which lie across our way, and to support us under the severest trials.—Why may we not conceive this imaginary existence to be HOPE?—We cannot, I am sure, trust to a safer guide, nor wish, in the hours of adverse fortune, to be led forward by the hand of a more cheering companion.—

But prithee, my gentle lady, what thorn hath been rankling in thy poor little bosom?—Thou hast hit, perhaps, upon some melancholy page of life, and turned down the leaf to ruminate on it.—Who meets not with it?—It is for the perusal of all the

sons and daughters of man;—nor is it in the end, unprofitable reading,—since it shews ambition its vanity,—pride its meanness,—wealth its emptiness,—and learning its insufficiency;—and, by levelling all ranks of mortals, annihilates the paltry distinctions of the world!—

—O Sir! returned MARIANNE (fetching a sigh) O Sir, I have a brother! - - -

—Who is, replied I, unworthy your regard.—

—One, whose disposition - - -

—Was never allied to your virtues.—

—There only remains for me - - -

—To wipe him from your memory, and leave him to the bitterest of all reproaches—his own—.

—I dare believe I am an echo to your thoughts;—but my dear, good girl,

girl, AMELIA hath opened to me your whole situation, and the painful trials your sensibility hath sustained.—I have a tear to give every child of sorrow;—and I trust, the fountain which supplies it, will never be dry!—But I would now rather personate your *guardian spirit*; and, turning our backs on difficulties surmounted, look forward with you, to objects that wear a happier face.—It is not a few bad characters we may chance to meet with, that should put us out of humour with the world.—It is for our peace, to recollect, that the GREAT DIRECTOR of this immense work of creation, is continually raising up others, who have breasts that glow with virtuous sentiments, where congenial hearts may securely repose.—

Believe me, MARIANNE, 'it hath only been by viewing events on the favourable side, that I have myself bore so well the buffets of fortune.—For I have also, among my family pictures, some abominable originals,—and such terrible, strong likenesses too, that out of humanity, I keep a curtain over them.—

—I verily think, in the disposition I then was, that to divert her ideas, I should have pulled it a little aside, to have given her a peep at one, or two of them,—had we not been interrupted by three or four ladies of our acquaintance, who were come up with their glasses in their hands, to take a view of the new-arrived INDIA-MEN, and immediately joined us at our bench.—I believe MARIANNE wished them, just at
this

this time, any where else ;—but they saved me the pain of uncovering a single portrait, and fully answered the same purpose :—For among the many advantages that attend perfect good-breeding, there is one, that hath never been enumerated, though far from being the least ;—and that is, the relief which the mind, when under any depression, receives, upon the sudden intrusion of company, by finding itself compelled to bestow on another, that attention, which would otherwise be rivetted to its own situation.—

THE LITTLE SMUGGLERS.

DIDO, foundress and queen of CARTHAGE, is the first woman of antiquity, who is recorded for *driving a good bargain*.—The JEWS and MONEY-JOBBERs, have the highest-veneration for her memory ;—and I am informed, that *she*, and her *bull's hide*, is a favourite toast among all those people,—not only within the purlieus of DUKE'S PLACE, but in the neighbourhood of every *synagogue* in EUROPE.—

—There are two ways of measuring any thing, as the widow of SICHÆUS well knew ; and as every shop-keeper, who retails commodities, perfectly understands,—and the possessor of this knowledge, must ever have

have the balance of trade in his favour.—

—Whoever is to open a considerable commerce with the world, it will be much more worth to him, than the whole round of sciences, not only to know to an inch, his own measure, and how far he could on a pinch stretch it,—but also to be fully acquainted with the measure his neighbour goes by;—for, by thus skilfully calculating the longitude,—latitude,—altitude,—and rectitude, of the parties he has to deal with, he will be enabled equally to guard against the fallacy of a minister, or the imposition of his taylor.—

With respect to the world, LA PIERRE was a mere infant,—ever pleased with its coral, and its bells,—but without a tooth to injure any one!—

one!—The simplicity of his character, made him daily meet with some fancied distress, which, to another, who was more hackneyed in the ways of mankind, would only have passed among the common occurrences of life;—though, to say truth, nothing sat long on his mind; a deep sigh or two blew off the load, and a whistle, or a song, which soon followed, obliterated every trace of its weight.—It chanced, however, that I got to my lodgings soon after his return from the INDIA-MAN, and before either the sigh, or the tune was come to his aid, or had effaced the first impression of his present grievance; which was sufficiently apparent in LA PIERRE's countenance, that was at all times an index to his bosom, and like a well-printed shop-bill, notified every

every concern his heart had to dispose of.—The morning which had promised so much satisfaction, had been over-clouded with circumstances, both unlooked for, and unpleasant.—As the poor fellow's pride was to be as smart as possible, whenever any females were to be of his party; in gallanting one of them into the boat, at the Parade stairs, he unfortunately slipped almost up to his knees in the muddy water, and quite disfigured his white silk stockings.—This was an event which might have disconcerted a better FRENCH philosopher than LA PIERRE, and was but a prologue to worse disasters;—for a fresh breeze springing up, when they had got about a mile from the shore, the tossing of the waves so disturbed his empty stomach, as to make him
wretchedly

wretchedly sick, till he got aboard the INDIA-MAN ;—the civility of every one there, made him soon forget what he had suffered ;—he purchased the little trifles he wished ;—and would have returned to shore perfectly sick, and happy again, had not some custom-house officers hailed the boat, and stripped from him, and his party, the poor six-penny cargoes they had been so far to fetch ;—nor was this all—for they took away besides the new INDIA *silk handkerchief* he had bought in the morning, and which, in his hurry to set off, he had forgot to put out of his pocket.—

Quels misérables ! cries LA PIERRE —*quels barbares !*—

—That, says I,—and sending them to the devil in good FRENCH, is all you have for it.—

—Why

—Why, what do you think Sir, added he, the king can get by his duty on a couple of INDIA Fans, that his people are so watchful for his interest?

That is a question, returned I, that might have puzzled the calculations of your countryman, DE MOIVRE,—but considering the number of hands it rubs against, before it reaches the *Exchequer*, I should conceive his net profit could not exceed the four hundredth and seventy-third part of one of your *liards*.—I am an avowed enemy to all counterband dealings,—as well as to all the little dirty influence of office—but if you had not been a novice in these matters, you might have obtained an easier solution to your question, by offering a
restitution

restitution fee, and so purchasing your fans a second time.—

Mon Dieu! exclaims LA PIERRE, what offer *a bribe*, Sir, to a king's servant?—

Ab! pour cela, cui, or to a king's mistress,—or to a king's any thing—only give it a different name.—Modern language hath made it *palatable* to all ranks, under the idea of *acknowledgment*, or *attention*;—as the disgusting ingredients of an apothecary's vial, are swallowed without reluctance, when the label denotes it to be a *cordial mixture*.—

Now as this *cordial mixture* must, like all other cordials, be administered for various purposes,—as also to various constitutions, — and be so tempered, as to act either as a *stimu-*
lator,

later, or *sopcrific*, as occasion may require,—it is expedient, that it be always judiciously applied; and, when well adapted to the stomach that is to receive it, can very rarely fail of insuring success.—

—No one better understood how to manage *a bribe* artfully, or to tamper with the passions, than the *Abbè* FRONTIN. — He was, perhaps, too much addicted to pleasure, and intrigue, but had much wit, and infinite good humour;—he possessed a presence of mind, equal to any emergency; and was so happy in his address, as to be almost irresistible.—

—By the by, I have never gone into the church of SAINT SULPICE at PARIS, without lamenting, that he should lie there without having even a stone of two feet square to record

his memory, who had talents so superior to the herd of *Abbès*, who litter the BOULEVARDS and the THUILLERIES, and have nothing but their black cloaks to distinguish them.—

—*Madame de CHATEAUROUGE* was arrived at that period of life, when ladies in FRANCE turn *dévotés*, and confine all their favours within the pale of the church.—*SAINTE THERESE* observes, in some of her visionary compositions, that women must occasionally *transplant* their affections;—and thus it is, that FRENCH *saints* usually take the leavings of FRENCH *sinners*.—

This lady had taken a pretty long time to settle her conscience;—and there remained some points of reform yet unadjusted, when she called in to her assistance the *Abbè FRONTIN*,
who

who very soon became her intimate attendant, accompanied her frequently to mass, was constantly of all her parties, read to her in her closet, and aired with her in the BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

It chanced one summer's afternoon, that *Madame de CHATEAU-ROUGE*, after her coffee, had retired into an apartment which looked into the garden, to enjoy the fresh air, and the fragrance of a little orangery, that was ranged in a semicircle before the windows, which were thrown open.—As the sun still shot obliquely into the room, the green lustring curtains were dropped, to give a more pleasing tone of light.—The *Abbè* was seated by her on a sofa; and, at her request, was entertaining her with a new piece of CREBIL-

LON, called *Les egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, which had just then appeared, and had much excited the curiosity of the public.—

—I leave it to those who are fond of investigating causes and effects, to find out how it came to pass that *Madame de CHATEAUROUGE*, as the *Abbè* proceeded in the work, with emphasis, and spirit, had insensibly reclined her head on his shoulder, whilst the *Abbè*, holding the book in his right hand, had inadvertently dropped his left arm, across her lap.—The censorious, may misinterpret the position they sat in—the candid, attribute it to accident, or the weather—and people of a sentimental turn, may ascribe it merely to the having their attention absorbed in the novel, and to the ingenuity of the writer.

writer in thus interesting the passions.—It is my province only to say the fact was as related; and a little gust of air on a sudden swelling the curtains, the leads on its cessation falling against the wainscot, gave three or four repeated raps,—which being heard by GRISON, the old *maître d'Hôtel*, who was settling the house-book in the next room, and who, mistaking these raps for a method, which his lady (who was a little lame and unwieldy) sometimes used, to summon him with her crutched stick, when she sat at a distance from the bell, gently opened the door, and conceiving immediately, by one glance, that he could not be wanted,—instantly shut it again as gently,—and sat himself down very composedly, to his accounts,—for he had lived

long enough in the family to have the sagacity of knowing, when he ought to see,—and when not.—

The *Abbè*, who had just caught a glimpse of the *maître d'hôtel* as he peeped in, thought it adviseable to secure his interest;—and as soon as the story was at a full stop, laid down his book, and walked into the adjoining room where GRISON was,—who hearing somebody step towards the door, threw himself against the back of the chair, and reclining his head on his hand, with his elbow on the table, pretended to be found asleep.

The *Abbè*, who, as I hinted before, was never on any occasion in the smallest degree embarrassed, knew, by appearances, that he was sure of his man; and gently laying a *Louis d'or*

on each of his eyelids, said, with a tone of pleasantry, “there are none
“ who see so little as those whose eyes
“ are *well closed*.”—

—“ True, Sir,” replied GRISON,—
“ and if you will slip another be-
“ tween my lips, you will be certain
“ to make me *dumb*, as well as
“ *blind*.”—

—This fellow would have made an admirable Revenue officer,—

—In any place where *no duty* was expected.

N A T U R E.

WHOEVER hath passed any length of time at these places of public resort, by the sea-side, must have remarked that there is constantly a flux and reflux of the company who frequent them; and that the shores have their revolutions and changes, as well as the element that flows along their sides.—I often, as I pace up and down the PARADE, miss faces I have been accustomed to meet in my daily walks, and am stared at by others that are totally new to me—nor is it a small pleasure to me, who am looking after NATURE at every step, to observe features tinged with the hue of returning health, which a few weeks before I had seen overcast with

with languor; and limbs beginning to move with freedom, which were lately contracted by pain and disease.—

As I have before convinced my readers of the benefit of *smelling the sea-mud*, so these occurrences convince me of the benefit of using seawater.—As an added proof of its efficacy, I popped yesterday on the *fat lady* in the *Brunswick*, whom I before mentioned as being so lame, and unwieldy, and whom I had given over as incurable, when she was helped down the side of the Hoy.—I was perfectly amazed to see the briskness of her air, and her round, laughing countenance, half buried in a FRENCH night-cap;—and though she still retains a considerable hitch in her gait; yet she walked with no other aid than

a lady's arm, on which she reclined, and one of Mr. HALL's *pastoral twined crooks*, which no female of any taste can appear without.—Even my own lean carcase, though I neither intentionally *smell the mud*, nor ever come in contact with the water, is both strengthened and plumped up by the sea-air,—and my weak constitution, which has, for two volumes, been so great a plague to the reader, and for many a year, a far greater one, to me, is from the same cause so much strengthened, that I have but even now, with eighty or ninety long strides, mounted up to the FORT, without a single halt to fetch breath.—

—How sweet is thy return, O HEALTH! thou rosy cherub!—my soul leaps forward to meet thee, whose true value thy absence can only teach us!—

us !—When thou comest, *with healing on thy wings* ; when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office ; and when this complicated machine is so perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve, or artery, belonging to us, how sweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleasure from every inlet of sense ?

—God of my life ! who numberest my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good, or ill, which the tide of time shall float down with them !—but never withdraw from me those native spirits, which have been the cheering companions of my existence, and have spread a gilding upon every thing around me !—that I may continue to view, with rapture, the inexhaustible
 . volume

volume of NATURE that is thrown open before me ; on every page of which is characterized the impression of thy OMNIPOTENT HAND !—

As I often indulge a meditating disposition on the old bench upon the FORT, where I am now seated, it is matter of amusement to consider the immense variety, that a short space of time produces in the same natural objects ;—every change of light,—every alteration in the atmosphere, gives them a different appearance.—I have just been contemplating the wide scene of waters before me ; that hath lately been darkened by some clouds which overhung it.—I see it emerging into new day.—I perceive its green hue warming into purple tints :—as I direct my eye as far as it can stretch, I view the sun, from be-

6

hind

hind a veil that conceals it, shooting down its rays on a limited circumference, and brightening all the edges of the waves.—And now its broad orb appears in full glow; descending almost level with the sea—the whole western canopy is illuminated.—It trembles a little while on the extremity of the horizon, and at last plunges from the sight.

—Those who may be disposed to contrast the works of NATURE, with the most boasted labours of ART, will find the first, ever new and permanent, while the latter, the instant they have attained their *limited perfection*, approach toward a slow, but a sure decline.—

The pride of a potent monarch may be gratified, in erecting some magnificent temple to his god;—he
may

may perpetuate the remembrance of
 his ancestors, by superb mausoleums ;
 —he may command the daring pyra-
 mid to shoot upward to the skies,—
 may inscribe his victories on the tro-
 phied column,—or register his tri-
 umphs on the sculptured arch !—He
 may call an ADAM to execute his
 great designs ;—who, while he is ful-
 filling the wishes of his sovereign,
 may himself deliver down to a series
 of generations unborn, the noblest
 records of his own genius, and taste.
 —But even though no accident
 should abridge their duration,—yet
 the revolving seasons soon sully their
 beauty ; —and the silent power of
 Time gradually shakes their founda-
 tions ; and at last levels them with
 the dust.—While thy works, O NA-
 TURE, remain uninjured ; — ever
 changing,

changing, and ever reviving, thou
 shinest unconscious of decay!—still
 bright in immortal youth!—

And yet more lovely far dost
 Thou appear, when Thou commandest
 our attention in thy *active scenes*,
 and beamest from the mind with all
 those irradiations of VIRTUE, HO-
 NOUR, and BENEVOLENCE, which dig-
 nify humanity.—These may be deem-
 ed the *sun-shine* of the *moral world*!
 —that warms,—that brings forward,
 —and ripens the soul to perfection!
 —And if sometimes, in contemplat-
 ing the pictures of real life, one sees
 with pain the canvass darkened with
 worthless characters, they should be
 viewed but as deep shades, which,
 however they may interrupt thy na-
 tive brightness, yet by their contrast
 5 more

more forcibly impress the amiableness of thy lustre!—

Full of such sentiments, I frequently, from this cliff, cast a look toward RECULVER, and drop a sigh, to the memory of those beloved SISTERS, who were in their lives so undivided, and whose unshaken union hath there been so long recorded.—

Considering how many surveys have been published of this county, and how much the zeal for antiquity hath for many years prevailed amongst us; it is somewhat singular, that so slight mention should have been made of this extraordinary building; of which little more hath been said, than that *the church was formerly considerable, having still two goodly spiring steeples.*

As people in general only speak of this edifice merely as being accidentally an advantageous *sea-mark*, unknowing of the cause by which it became so ;—I am happy that it is in my power, in this remote period of time, to gratify the curiosity of those, who hereafter may visit these shores.—

I have long wished, my dear JENNY, to relate to thee this interesting story.—To Thee, whose heart NATURE hath so sweetly harmonized, that it vibrates at the slightest touch of another's sorrow ; and is therefore worthy to hear a tale of distress.—

Several years ago, being on a journey to SPA, I was detained some time in the university of LOUVAIN, by an accidental illness, which seized
me

me on the road.—During my stay, I made an acquaintance with an IRISH jesuit, who honoured me with many civilities, and whom I found a very intelligent companion.—He shewed me whatever he thought most curious in the place; though, except the great library, and the public schools, there is but little worth notice.

I was however much pleased with two manuscript volumes, which I met with in the library of one of the colleges; — they chiefly contained anecdotes relative to some ENGLISH families, and to several historical, and monastical antiquities; and were the memorials of a DOMINICAN Friar of CANTERBURY, who quitted ENGLAND at the time of the *Reformation*, and retired to LOUVAIN; — at his death he bequeathed them, together
with

with other curious books, to the college where they then were.—My friend, who was one of its members, procured the manuscript to be lent me ;—and, in turning over many subjects far less interesting, I met with the historical account of this church.—I have divested it of the obsolete language of the times, but the substance of it is nearly as follows.—

THE STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS.

TOWARDS the end of those troublesome times, when ENGLAND was shook by the feuds of the houses of YORK and LANCASTER, there resided, in a village near the banks of the MEDWAY, a gentleman, whose name was GEOFFRY DE SAINT CLAIR, descended from a family of great antiquity, and repute in those parts.—The many launces, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor.—The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

SAINT CLAIR had allied himself in marriage with the Lady MARGARET DE BOYS, a woman of high birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and a religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement.—All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations;—she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her *Twinn Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the same sentiments;—accustoming them very early, to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety.—As these young ladies were the sole

issue of SAINT CLAIR and Lady MARGARET, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them:—no useful knowledge was omitted,—no external accomplishment neglected.—

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five.—The amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understandings, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration and esteem of all who approached them.—They had, from similitude of manners, and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other, that it seemed as if NATURE, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was

to distinguish their lives,—and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth.—Nor was this event very remote; Lady MARGARET was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and desolated one of the happiest families in the world.—

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which, on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor, under the windows.—The grief of SAINT CLAIR, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady MARGARET, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason;—FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own;

which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed. —

—Lovely mourners! — more lovely in your tears! — Methinks I see you now, bathed in filial sorrow, — standing by, and supporting your distracted parent — striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close, — still demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again — *one last — last look!* —

—Heavens! — how severe a distress! — If any reader hath been in a situation, to ask for *a last look* of what is most dear to him, — and what he is going to be deprived of for ever — he alone can best judge, how much that bosom is agonized, that urges the request! —

Though

Though SAINT CLAIR called in aid all his philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady MARGARET, yet he was worn, by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life ; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.—

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle, JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR—who was at that time, ABBOT of the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN, in CANTERBURY; of which place, there are, at this day, such noble remains existing.—He was the younger brother of GEOFFRY, though there was but the difference of a year between them ; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that SAINT

CLAIR, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance.*—

—The

* The ingenious Mr. BATTELY, in his addition to SOMNER, has given us a succession of the ABBOTS of SAINT AUGUSTIN, from the year 598, down to the Reformation; extracted chiefly from THORN, who was himself a Monk of that foundation.—But THORN's Chronicle coming no lower than 1419, the names of the ABBOTS from that period, are collected, as Mr. BATTELY tells us, from a manuscript relating to the monastery, and are given without dates.

We do not find the name of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR in the list; but about the time alluded to, in the LOUVAIN *Manuscript*, mention is made of JOHN THE ABBOT, without the addition of his family name; and so doubtful is it, who this JOHN was, that some had supposed it to be JOHN DUNSTER,
PRIOR.

—The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement;—and a great convent of BENEDICTINE NUNS, not very distant from FEVERSHAM, happening, a few months after, to lose their principal (who was always one of a con-

PRIOR of BATH; who, Mr. BATTELY adds, died the greatest part of a century before, that is, in 1412.—

It is to be lamented, that monastic antiquities are so often overshadowed by such a cloud of uncertainty:—but the story of the SISTERS seems to clear up the doubt of who this JOHN THE ABBOT was; and may dispose the Antiquarian, to reinstate JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR, in the high dignity he is said to have formerly enjoyed.—

considerable

siderable family) the ABBOT of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady ABBESS of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil.—“The same roof,” says she, “hath ever hitherto covered us, —the same have been our wishes, —the same our pursuits;—the grave hath divided us from those, who taught us the amiableness of friendship,—and shall alone divide us from one another!”—

—The ABBOT was much hurt by this declaration of his niece.—He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution;—and failed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herself to
the

the cloyster, she remained the only support of the family of SAINT CLAIR; that her virtues should rather embellish society, than be lost within the walls of a monastery;—and wished she would, by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.—

FRANCES, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle,—expressing to her, how much happier she should be, to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life, and example of their excellent mother.—

“ I am not, you know,” says she,
 “ by the religious office I fill, tied
 “ down

“ down to all those rules, which must
 “ of course be imposed on you;—my
 “ liberty remains ;—we shall have
 “ constant opportunities of continu-
 “ ing that intercourse of love, our
 “ hearts so mutually desire.—It will
 “ be the highest pleasure to me, to
 “ see you united to a man worthy
 “ your choice ;—preserving in our
 “ father’s castle, that hospitality, for
 “ which it hath so long been famed ;
 “ —and whenever you shall wish to
 “ make a short retreat from the bus-
 “ tle of the world, our holy house
 “ will afford you a peaceable asy-
 “ lum.”—

—It was not but with great diffi-
 culty, nor even till much time after,
 that, by the repeated solicitations of
 FRANCES, and her uncle, ISABELLA
 was prevailed on to relinquish en-
 tirely,

tirely, her intentions of entering on a monastic life.—She resided for some time, in her father's venerable old mansion on the MEDWAY, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister ;—who, at intervals, attended her on visits to FRANCES,—and also, at particular seasons, to the ABBOT, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN.

—It was in one of these visits to her uncle, that she became acquainted with HENRY DE BELVILLE, between whose father and the ABBOT, there had long subsisted a most firm friendship.—He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune ; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.—

BELVILLE was now in his twenty-ninth year ;—his figure was graceful, and manly,—and, to a disposition as amiable as his person, was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education, that the fashion of the age allowed.—He had been sent to travel over EUROPE,—had resided in several of its principal courts ;—and was now on his return from a short expedition into FRANCE,—and had stopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his respects to the ABBOT, and to deliver him certain letters with which he had been charged.—

BELVILLE, on his first return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD Duke of GLOUCESTER ; near whose

person he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence;—for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.—

It will not be wondered at, if after BELVILLE and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another.—
—BELVILLE felt himself enamoured of his fair companion,—and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away.
—Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon;—and having reason to think he had made a favourable impression
on

on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life, in the society of so engaging a woman.—His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES ;—the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister, her right in the castle of SAINT CLAIR, where it was proposed they should reside.—

—Every thing was preparing for their nuptials ;—and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection.—But the successful progress that the arms of HENRY OF RICHMOND, now made in the kingdom, had obliged RICHARD to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants

to attend his camp ; amongst whom, as I before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom ; who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.—

—Were I to follow closely, the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known ;—only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the character, and person of RICHARD ; upon both of which, historians have thrown so much deformity.—I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my

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subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate BELVILLE was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared their royal master's fate in BOSWORTH FIELD. — He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death; —and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into LEICESTER, —where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of BLACK FRIARS, in that city.

—His page, BERTRAM, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him;—but the fever, which
 was

was occasioned by the accident, together with the many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect, but that of approaching death.—

Those who contemplate BELVILLE a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and an union with one of the loveliest of women, could present to his imagination;—and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet,—surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility, and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him,—cannot surely, by the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh, at the fallacy of human hopes!—

—A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his PAGE, that he might give him his latest orders.—

“BERTRAM,” says he,—looking wistfully on him—“the day that
 “hath ruined our Sovereign’s fortune,
 “hath blasted mine!—and that too,
 “in the moment when it shone the
 “fairest!—Thou wilt soon render
 “me the last of thy faithful services!
 “—Let my body rest with the fa-
 “thers of this house,—and as soon
 “as thou hast seen its due rites per-
 “formed, speed thee to CANTER-
 “BURY,—and acquaint the holy AB-
 “BOT of SAINT AUGUSTIN, with the
 “bloody event of yesterday.—Con-
 “jure him, that he unfold it to my
 “intended Bride, in such manner
 “as

“ as his discretion shall advise.—Bear
 “ her this jewel from my finger, in
 “ token, that my last thoughts dwelt
 “ on her;—and tell her, my only
 “ sigh in leaving the world, was for
 “ the losing her, whose virtues so
 “ embellished it!”—

—The faithful BERTRAM dropped
 a tear of affection and gratitude, over
 the grave of his gallant master;—
 and journeying to CANTERBURY with
 a bursting heart, presented himself
 before the ABBOT, with such a coun-
 tenance, as hardly needed a tongue
 to tell his melancholy errand.—

The arrival of BELVILLE'S PAGE,
 could not be long a secret to ISA-
 BELLA, who was then at her uncle's;
 and whose mind instantly foreboded
 some extraordinary event;—though the

news of the battle had not yet reached that city.—

When SAINT CLAIR was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion;—though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this,—that it is our duty, and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which it is not in our power to alter!—The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!—

ISABELLA, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude, and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire.—She desired that BERTRAM might be detained,

tained, two, or three days, at the monastery,—and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him to her sister FRANCES, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness;—and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the PAGE.

“ Most beloved Sister,

“ I am plunged from the height of
 “ imaginary happiness, into the depth
 “ of real distress!—The messenger
 “ who delivers this, will inform you
 “ of my situation,—and to him I re-
 “ fer you for particulars, which I am
 “ unable to dwell on.—BELVILLE is
 “ no more!—All that dream of hap-
 “ piness, which I hoped for, from
 “ an alliance with that dear, that

“ amiable man, is vanished in an
 “ instant!—and I wake into a world,
 “ that hath no object for my regard,
 “ but the affection of my ever tender
 “ FRANCES!—I support my adversity
 “ with all the fortitude I can sum-
 “ mon up;—but Heaven only knows
 “ the struggles of my heart!—From
 “ the time that the united sollicita-
 “ tions of you, and my Uncle, pre-
 “ vailed on me (though reluctantly)
 “ to absent myself from you, my
 “ soul hath been agitated between
 “ hope and disappointment!—I will
 “ trust the fallacy of the world no
 “ more;—the remainder of my days
 “ shall be passed with you;—and we
 “ will end life as we began it, in an
 “ inseparable union.—Your converse,
 “ and the solitude of a cloister, can
 “ alone

“ alone restore tranquillity to the
 “ mind, of your ever faithful, and
 “ disconsolate

“ ISABELLA.”

When the Lady ABBESS saw her Sister, she found her still more confirmed in her resolution of entering on a monastic life.—Her Uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it;—and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where FRANCES presided.

—ISABELLA now found in religion, the only consolation for her past misfortunes;—and though the remembrance of her beloved BELVILLE, would often come across her, and spread a temporary

porary gloom over her mind,—yet she constantly strove to dispel it, by piety and resignation. —The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure, which arises from rooted friendship ;—and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the Sisterhood.—

The LOUVAIN *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the ABBESS was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life.—It is not difficult to conceive, how severe ISABELLA's sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind,

mind, till her Sister was restored to health.—

FRANCES, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin* MARY, that if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little Port, called BRADSTOW, or BROAD-STAIRS, in the Isle of THANET (part of which chapel is at this day remaining);—and in which, her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to visit it;—and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails, to salute it.—And the feast of the INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS, which was the third day of MAY, being to be celebrated there,

with

with great solemnity,—her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the VIRGIN, determined her to go herself at that time, and fulfil her vow.—

ISABELLA obtained permission to accompany her Sister in this devout purpose ;—and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance—they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop, that usually went, at stated times, from FEVERSHAM to BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the Downs.

—They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose.—Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth

mouth of the THAMES, knows how difficult it is rendered, by reason of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.—

—The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers;—and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel.—To pursue their course was impracticable;—they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a little place, called RECULVER (which is a small village, though of great antiquity, situate on the border of the Isle of THANET);—but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly, whereabout they
7 were.—

were.—Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it;—and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea, bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the HORSE, that lies a little off from RECULVER.—

—The surprize—the confusion—and the image of death, that must naturally rush into the minds of people, who are on the point of being wrecked,—can only be justly felt, or described, by those, who have stood in so dreadful a situation.—Each one recommended himself to God,^{and} to his *Tutelar Saint*.—The mariners hoisted out their long boat, as precipitately as they could;—and that which most agitated the thoughts of FRANCES

I

and

and ISABELLA, was, the mutual preservation of each other.—

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it;—for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours, — and, to add to the horror, night advanced.—The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady ABBESS, and her Sister, from the cabin,—and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore,—in spite of the menaces of the Captain, who stood on deck, supporting ISABELLA,—the intreaties of the ABBESS, who was wild to return,—

turn,—or the cries of the passengers left behind.

—The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtained from the shore; which they flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reached the land, which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk.—Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to their fate;—and surrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her, to think, there was a possibility that her Sister had escaped.

—It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one dared venture out;—when, the storm abated

in

ng with the departure of the tide,
 and the day being near dawning, a
 large boat put off to the wreck.—
 When those who went to assist, got
 to it, they found all the people on
 board, refuged in different places be-
 neath the deck,—great part of which
 was broken away.—ISABELLA had re-
 mained in the cabin; one side of
 which was also washed off, and the
 room half filled with water;—she
 was almost exhausted, by the terrors
 she had sustained,—the bruises she
 had received,—and the extreme cold
 in which she had so long suffered.—
 They led her with the utmost gen-
 tleness from this wretched place,—
 while she, all pale, and trembling,
 scarcely comprehended at first what
 they were doing;—yet life seemed to
 flush anew in her countenance, on
 VOL. II. L hearing

hearing that her Sister was preserved.—

—As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the house where the Lady ABBESS was.—FRANCES, transported at the first sight of her Sister, ran out to meet ISABELLA,—who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants.—FRANCES clasped her hand, and in her eager joy, would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.—

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured;—but her strength

strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.—

FRANCES, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Sister, her own sufferings.—She never stirred from her bedside,—and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition.—ISABELLA chid her for thinking so,—declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted.—“ Though we came into
 “ the world together,” says she, “ yet
 “ as we were not destined to perish
 L 2 “ toge-

“ together,—a time must inevitably
 “ have come, when death would have
 “ dissolved our union.—I rejoice that
 “ I am not the survivor.—I die,
 “ where I have ever wished to live,
 “ in the arms of the most beloved of
 “ Sisters.—Pray for the repose of my
 “ soul;—and lay me in the tomb
 “ which you have allotted to be your
 “ own — that one grave may in
 “ death hold our Remains, who in
 “ life had but one heart.”

The loss of ISABELLA plunged the
 lady ABBESS into that deep distress,
 which minds, formed like her's, with
 the noblest sentiments of tenderness,
 and benevolence, must, on such a
 trial, inevitably feel.—She caused the
 body of her unfortunate Sister to be
 transported in solemnity, to their con-
 vent;—where, after it had been ex-
 posed

posed with accustomed rites, it was deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of SAINT BENEDICT,—bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Sisterhood.—

—When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCES failed not to transmit, by the hands of her Confessor, (her uncle, the ABBOT, having been sometime dead *) her intended offering to the
Virgin

* This circumstance seems fully to decide the point of JOHN DE SAINT CLAIR being the ABBOT, whose family name is lost in all the chronicles of SAINT AUGUSTIN'S monastery.—Mr. BATTELY tells us, that JOHN THE ABBOT died in 1497 ;

Virgin of BROAD-STAIRS,—accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of ISABELLA's soul.—And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Sister,—as well as to direct mariners in their course,—that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, — she caused an ancient church that stood on a rising ground just above the village of RECULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, — and erected *Two Spiral Towers* at the end thereof; — the which she directed should be called

and the connexion this story has with the battle of BOSWORTH FIELD, which was fought in 1485, fixes the present period to be in some part of the year 1500.

THE

THE SISTERS;—and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea-mark of great utility.—

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune;—and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass, *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*); and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.—

She lived to see this her Will executed,—as well as to bestow many other charitable donations,—not only on the convent over which she presided,—but on several other religious institutions;—and was, from her ami-

able character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.—

She survived ISABELLA eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.—

Her Remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her Sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank, and office.— A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross,—and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.—

—Faithful,—congenial spirits!—in whatsoever worlds ye reside, peace be your lot!—as virtue was your portion

tion here!—Long, long may this memorial of your love remain!—to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!—

S H I P - N E W S.

THERE rarely passed a day, during my stay at MARGATE, of which I did not spend some portion in the society of CLERMONT, and his sister.—On calling upon them this afternoon, I thought every body's countenance saluted me, with more than its wonted good-humour.—It is a circumstance that ever gives one the most pleasant feelings.

—As I, in turn, addressed my inquiries to MARIANNE, I perceived a blush on her cheek,—together with a little apparent hurry of spirits.—She was moving about the room in quest of something,—and presently went up stairs—either to look for a fan, *which she had in her pocket*—or her work-bag,

work-bag, which *hung upon her arm*,—though more probably to give AMELIA an opportunity of speaking with me.

—If I had not known, said that Lady, that you were to dine to-day at SAINT LAURENCE, I should certainly have sent you a summons;—for I was impatient to tell you, that both my young friend, and myself, have received letters, this morning, from STERLING, who is got to IRELAND.—Mine breathes the effusion of a grateful mind, kindly approving, and applauding, the part I have acted;—MARIANNE’S I have kept in my pocket, for your perusal;—and I now think nothing more can disturb an union, in which I confess myself interested, with the fondest feelings of a mother.—But read the letter.—

“ I seize the earliest moment, of
 “ informing my dearest Girl, of my
 “ safe arrival in IRELAND,—where I
 “ hope I shall soon complete my busi-
 “ ness—and then set my sails to-
 “ ward ENGLAND, whither all my
 “ thoughts, and wishes, are flown be-
 “ fore me.—I have a thousand things
 “ to say to you,—but time will only
 “ allow me to tell you, that your’s
 “ and AMELIA’s letters, reached me
 “ at the CAPE.—Heavens! — how
 “ was I tortured, when I learned whom
 “ it was, that had so cruelly,—though
 “ so unsuccessfully,—tampered with
 “ our feelings!—Poor EDMUND!—
 “ but his name shall never again be
 “ mentioned;—he cannot be more
 “ severely punished, than to reflect,
 “ that in the exigencies of future
 “ life, he hath deprived himself,
 for

“ for ever, of the comfort and affec-
 “ tion of such a sister!—Yourself,
 “ and your faithful protectress, have
 “ been the guardians of my happi-
 “ nefs.—But I hope I have many
 “ years before me, to pay that debt,
 “ which my heart so gratefully avows;
 “ —though the debts of *Sensibility*,
 “ and of *Love*, are the reverse of all
 “ others,—for, in the intercourse of
 “ feeling minds, every attempt to *dis-*
 “ *charge* them, proves but the means
 “ to *increase* them!—Be this, my
 “ dearest MARIANNE, the commerce
 “ of our lives!—I must now bid you
 “ adieu,—that I may, before the de-
 “ parture of the post, express to your
 “ generous friend, how much her
 “ conduct hath obliged me.—I wait
 “ the moment with impatience, when
 “ my

“ my lips can better assure you, how
 “ much I am for ever

“ Your’s, &c.

“ STERLING.”

AMELIA, all the while I was reading the letter, was wiping away a tear, — and CLERMONT brushed off half a dozen that had silently slipped from his eyes.

—Well, says he, when I had finished it,—what think you now of the young man?—If his heart does not hang in the right place, I will never have an opinion of my own, while I breathe.—I have not a doubt, but he will make my *adopted niece*, a sensible, manly, and affectionate husband.—You smile at my calling her so;—but I must own to you, that I
 wish

wish to imbibe every partiality of my sister's ; —and MARIANNE is such a natural, engaging character, that to know her well, and not be partial to her, would be an impossibility.—But, my old acquaintance, I have something more to say to you on this subject, for EMILY vows that no one but yourself, shall perform the matrimonial ceremony ; —and she is confident that you are too much interested for her friend, to have any objection.—

—She may be assured, I can have none.—There is so much real satisfaction in being *intentionally*, or even *officially*, an instrument to the happy union of others, that I feel an obligation to any one, who suggests to me the means of becoming so.—My precarious health, continued I, would
never

never allow me to execute the calls of my profession, where the duty was considerable;—nor my principles, to accept *a trust*, which I felt myself *unable to perform*,—yet its offices have been ever ready to the claims of humanity, or of friendship.—And to say truth, Madam, in the one you now solicit, I am as lucky a person as you could possibly apply to,—for I never married but three couple;—and though several years have since elapsed, yet I never meet them, without seeing a smile on their countenances, and receiving, from both sides, a repetition of their thanks;—and this cordial acknowledgment, charms me the more in one of them, who was my intimate at College; as his happiness can only arise from the great superiority of his mind, to the narrowness

rowness of his fortune ;—for with the education and deportment of a gentleman, and a scholar, —and under the difficulties, which the providing for five children must create, — he had never sufficient interest to procure a living, —yet cheerfully goes through the daily, laborious duty of an extensive, and populous parish, which he sustains with the conscientiousness of an apostle, for seventy pounds a year ; while his dignified rector, who rarely visits the place, receives more than six times that sum from it !—

It is to be lamented, resumed CLERMONT, that the preferments of the church are not more equally divided ;—many have too much, —and the greater part of the clergy, far too little ;—and, though I would not

doubt, but that in the disposal of the good things of this world, merit hath often its share; yet the only true passport to the obtaining them, is, what you call in this country, *connexion*.—Without the aid of a patron who has interest, mere merit stands but little chance of being noticed;—and a man, even with the shining virtues of your friend, may continue to starve on a curacy, all the days of his life.—

—But my good Sir, allow me one word more on the subject—No one more truly respects the clergy than myself, when their doctrine, and their characters, illustrate each other—nay, I firmly believe, that mankind are universally disposed to reverence their function;—but, bred a merchant,—and accustomed to look daily, on the
debtor

debtor and creditor side of my books, —and to have a constant eye on the balance of both,—I am at a loss to guess what kind of conscientious balance some of your Dignitaries strike, who undertake the *cure of souls*, yet so far from affording them their salutary aid, do not even know either *them*, or their *disorders*. — You will excuse me, my friend,—but it seems to be just the case of an apothecary, who should charge his *own attendance*, yet entrust all his patients to the sole inspection of his *journeyman*.—

Prithee, *how can you account* for this total negligence? or, for what is almost as culpable,—the being so little of the vigilant shepherd, as only to look after the *flock* in the time of *sheering*?—

—I am inclined to hope, said I,

for the honour of my profession, that this is not in general the case; and shall therefore only reply to you, that as it is a question not so proper to be answered by proxy, I would rather leave its decision to those whom it may concern.—

This, however, you may depend on —that it is *to be accounted for*.—

THE THEATRE.

ALL the crowned heads of the MARGATE drama would, unquestionably, take it amiss, should they be passed over in silence.—Though it is my wish to *please* all,—I possess a desire equally strong to *offend* none,—and least of all, those who exert their abilities for the entertainment of others.—Though the Kings,—Lords,—and Commons,—in their theatrical barn assembled, convey such confused ideas of the personages they represent, that they become caricatures instead of characters;—nor do they probably, in general aim at any thing more,—for there is usually such a poverty, and laughable distress, running through the whole performance, as renders Comedy

extremely ridiculous, and Tragedy truly comical.—

Some ladies of AMELIA's acquaintance, having, through humanity, patronized one of the poor players, bespoke HAMLET,—and exerted their interest to fill the house—it being for the *benefit* of the GHOST, and his wife.

CLERMONT and I were solicited to be of the party;—but the Theatre being much crowded, I found myself unable to sustain the heat of it.—My friend and I, therefore, before the curtain drew up, retired behind the scenes;—and indeed, when we were got there, perceived but little probability, that it would draw up the whole evening,—for surely never was beheld such a scene of confusion, as then appeared, in what served both
for

for their general dressing-room, and green-room.—

The centinels, who were to mount guard before the palace of the *Royal DANE*, for want of having any uniform in the wardrobe, had borrowed a couple of sailors jackets.—*HORATIO* was striding about in a monstrous rage,—declaring he would not act, because his own benefit had been unjustly put back.—The manager, who was corpulent enough to have personated *FALSTAFF*, even almost without stuffing, —apparelled as young *HAMLET*, was in no less a passion too,—damning the *GHOST's blood* for being in liquor,—who, as well as his wife, had, on the credit of the many tickets which were taken, given way, through excess of joy, at dinner, to an indulgence they should more pru-

dently have postponed till night.—The GHOST had little to say in his defence, — but his lady, now the *Queen Mother*, — sat royally robed on a joint-stool, — and whilst she was dabbing the last colouring on her cheeks, hickupped, with much brevity, their mutual apology. — Nor did the distress end here — a smith was sent for to break open OPHELIA'S *coffin*, — which serving as a travelling trunk to this itinerant company, the GHOST'S *helmet*, POLONIUS'S *wig*, together with some of the DANISH *regalia*, were lodged within it ; — and the manager, having also deposited with them a half anchor of *run spirits*, had so carefully put away the key, that in the hurry it could not be found, — so that the music kept playing *roast beef*, and every popular tune they could

could think on, to amuse the impatient audience, who knew nothing of the woeful disorder that reigned behind.

—The performance was such as might naturally be supposed from the situation and temper of the *Dramatis Personæ*.—The GHOST composed himself far better than I expected,—except, that in the closet scene, he exerted more violence than became his character,—and rushing in, too eagerly, dropped his coat of mail which was accidentally untied.—However, as his shirt happened to be clean, he might pass in it full as well for an inhabitant of the other world, as he did in his old leathern armour.

—OPHELIA's dirty silk gown, had been destined for a woman far more slender than herself,—on which account

count, the robings pinned almost at her hips, and left her in great difficulties to form a convenient stomacher.—Neither she, nor the QUEEN could raise a pair of gloves,—and the latter having scalded her arm, by taking off a pot from the fire, was compelled to appear with it bound round with old linen,—which, in truth but *ill became the majesty of DENMARK*.—The play was received with great indulgence, and excited much more mirth, than it did either terror, or pity.—

I have often considered myself, when behind the scenes of more respectable theatres, to be in the situation of those who are in reality about such elevated characters in life, as on the stage are only personated.—They stand in a very different point of view.

to those who observe them near, when they are not acting their parts,—and who see what poor, flimsy materials contribute to deck them out, as objects for the public eye!

—It is of much moment, on which side of the curtain we contemplate either men, or things!—

It were next to impossible to see such noble scenes, as are interspersed in this whimsical tragedy, blundered through, and converted to farce, without their exciting a hearty laugh;—and yet, on the best regulated theatres, how few are there who can support a fine drawn character chastly, and admirably throughout?—The dignified scenes of the *Tragic Muse*, besides an harmonious voice and ear, super-added to very many personal accomplishments in the player, demand

strong

strong judgment, and delicate feelings,—and such who possess this assemblage of endowments (a few exceptions allowed) rarely choose to expose their talents in a situation of this nature.—Should any future fashion render the profession eligible, there would be found, with such advantages, no mystery in it,—nor would the stage feel the want of as great ornaments, as it hath hitherto ever boasted.—The same argument must inevitably appear just, with respect to the *lighter scenes* of the drama;—it being difficult for an actor, without the aid of a very superior genius, to delineate, with ease, and propriety, manners which he is not *familiarized* to himself.—Hence it is, that the characters of genteel comedy, are those which in general suffer the most in
 repre-

representation, — while the strong-marked features of common life, rarely fail of receiving their due colouring.—

As CLERMONT and I, between the play and the farce, were debating these matters, on an old form, which ten minutes before had constituted the *Throne* of DENMARK—Our neighbours, says my friend, understand this business better ;—their natural vivacity, and habitual politeness, give them great advantages on the stage, —and their's is the only stage I have seen, where their people of rank and fashion are perfectly well personated. —When they get into their buskins, I own there is far more declamation, than I think natural—but their dramatic compositions are excellent.—I know not whether a long absence

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from

from the ENGLISH theatre, and a frequent attendance on the FRENCH one, hath vitiated my judgment,—but I confess, I love a tragedy that ends happily, and where the struggles of virtue are crowned with triumph.—*Pity* is a more pleasing exercise of the human mind, than *terror*!—Scenes of this kind, I have ever observed, are honoured with the most tears;—and tears are the plaudits of unerring nature!—A judicious writer will deeply interest the passions—awaken sensibility,—and penetrate every avenue to the heart, without the aid of either murder, or of death;—which, by being made too familiar to our sight, soon lose the effect they should inspire.—To speak plainly, I think we have dealt rather too largely in daggers, and poison, on this side of the water
 \ —I hate

—I hate a fifth act, which, as this of to-night, makes the stage like the shop of a *carcase butcher*.—If we had our eye a little more on the FRENCH theatre, I can never believe we should write the worse for it.—

—For Heaven's sake, my good friend, cried I, forbear any parallel!—Ever live *well* with those you must live *with*;—people do not always give up opinion with good-humour.—The great scenes of SHAKESPEARE,—which no pen hath hitherto either *rivalled*, or *approached*,—will, I hope, ever live on our stage, in spite of some few absurd ones with which they are intermixed.—You must consider this PRODIGY of NATURE, as born in an age, when the rules of dramatic writing were but little studied, even in the most polished nations.—

tions.—Many of his successors, who copied his faults, though unable to imitate his beauties, may in truth, afford you an ample field for criticism—However, to pacify your spirit, allow me to say, that since the period when you left ENGLAND, we have had our obligations to the FRENCH theatre,—and very many pieces, whose gross *Absurdities* did not shock our wise grand-fathers,—nor whose great *Immodesty* put our virtuous grand-mothers out of countenance,—would not, I assure you, now be allowed an audience.—

Step by step, we shall draw nearer to truth,—and it is no small advance toward *Taste* and *Nature*,—to have got rid of *Indecency*, and *Improbability*.

E D U C A T I O N.

CLERMONT possesses one of the best of hearts, together with an excellent understanding, much improved by books, yet far more by a long knowledge of the world—but is at the same time, so settled in his opinions, that he will not readily give up a point.—

—After our return from the play, no sooner was the supper-cloth removed, than he entered again on the topic of dramatic writing; which led him naturally enough, in defence of what he had before urged on that head; to ascribe much of our notions, on this subject, to the *Prejudices of Education*;—which being allowed by both of us, all the weight they necessarily must

have, like most disputants we soon got a little wide of the mark from whence we started, and insensibly found ourselves on new ground—nay, on the very ground from whence those *Prejudices* spring.

What we meet with every day, continued CLERMONT, is so familiarized to us, that it passes without making the smallest impression,—the mind rarely pauses to consider it;—and hence many a local error, or absurdity, is still persevered in—Now I have myself been so long an Alien from my own country, and thereby become a citizen of the world, that I may possibly, from the above cause (you will excuse me, my friend) view many things that relate to modern education, in a very different light to yourself.

My

My own observations, said I, will lead me to assent readily, to the truth of what you have been asserting, “ That the youth of most countries “ in EUROPE, appear to be much “ earlier fashioned to the world, than “ our own ;”—that is, they attain the manners, and deportment of men, at a much earlier period.—Accustomed to a constant intercourse with ladies, they cultivate that habitual attention and politeness, which is not easily acquired in reclusé seminaries, solely devoted to learning—nor, indeed, do they at the same time seem deficient either in useful, or ornamental science—but, like skilful gardeners, make the most of the soil, and spread out both fruit, and flowers, in the same season.—Whether they may be so deep grounded in GREEK and LATIN,

I leave to the decision of our *Heads of Houses* — being myself a traveller only in pursuit of NATURE;—and if in any of my SKETCHES, I occasionally introduce the effects of ART, it is merely as a back-ground, to contrast, and throw forward, the great object I aim to delineate.—

As to your *Heads of Houses*, replied CLERMONT, they would decide it against all EUROPE, without taking one turn round their QUADRANGLE, to debate the question.—I would, however, on no account, be understood to depreciate a profound knowledge in either of those languages;—you may recollect, when we were together at the University, I was esteemed a good proficient in both—yet, though they have pleasurably filled up many parts of my life, I cannot say that
the

the profit they have been of to me, has been in the smallest degree *adequate* to the waste of years that elapsed in attaining them;—and of years—be it remembered—that return no more! —I see no reason why they might not be acquired in a far shorter time —How little a space makes us masters, of not only one, but of many of the tongues of EUROPE?—nay, much deeper masters too, than most of us ever become of the others?—I cannot but think our system of education, rather calculated for beings who could insure *half a century* of longer existence, than is commonly allotted to the race of man.—A *fourth part* of the very longest life,—and a *full half* of what the generality of mankind actually know, is almost solely appropriated to the being able

to read, and construe, two dead languages, that have been more than a thousand years out of use;—and, though I may be thought to merit being burnt for a *Heretic*, I must ask you, what is the sum of knowledge which they convey?—and to which this large portion of our days is devoted?—Of the books that are put into our hands, the far greater part are the POETS, who instruct us in the extravagant system of *Ancient Mythology*—than which human folly never invented any thing, so compleatly absurd,—so compleatly vitious.—The boy has no sooner got grounded in his catechism, than he is introduced to a familiarity with the HEATHEN DIVINITIES, male and female!—and such a set of ragamuffins they are, as hardly ever disgraced the earth;—unjust,—

just,—libidinous,—revengeful,—with more than mortal failings, and with more than mortal passions,—spreading their vices through all regions, and peopling half the globe with their bastard progeny!—

Downright *Heresy* indeed! cried I. —But downright truth, nevertheless, resumed my old friend;—nor need I prove it, by citing examples which every school-boy hath his head crammed with:—Only as one instance, let us take the character of JUPITER, *the father of all the gods*;—married to his own sister,—filling heaven and earth with his enormous debaucheries,—using his omnipotence only to accomplish his abandoned purposes,—descending in a shower of gold to ravish DANÆ, —reversing even the laws of Nature,—transforming him-

self into an *Eagle*, for GANYMEDE,—into a *Bull*, to indulge his passion for EUROPA,—and into a *Swan*, to commit a rape on LEDA — who, in consequence of her criminal intercourse with the Thunderer of OLYMPUS, is ordained to lay *a couple of eggs*, from which she *hatches* CASTOR, and POL-LUX, and their Two Sisters !—

Such are some of the outlines that distinguish JOVE himself !—and such are the *first rudiments* of instruction that are poured into the youthful mind !—So that almost every lad who happens to depart this life, before he goes to the University, leaves the world with very little other knowledge, than this incoherent jargon which hath insulted his understanding !—

—I much doubt, replied I, whether

ther their Reverences have ever considered this point,—and I must freely own, that there is much plausibility in what you have said.—We are all certain, that our *first impressions* are those which are retained the longest, and are with the utmost difficulty, if ever, effaced.—In the morning of life, when the mind, like an unfolding flower, is shooting upward,—and eager after novelty, nourishes itself with every thing that is planted near it—it is surely of much moment that it should be *watered* with the *purest springs*!—and reared to TRUTH and VIRTUE, by the most unwearied attention!—A knowledge of *Ancient Mythology* is of great aid, in a later period of life, to the flights of poetry,—and hath opened a more spacious field to the imitative arts;—but how far

far these scenes of fiction, and these contemptible immortals you have described, are proper to be the first acquaintance of our youth, before we have abilities to separate *Truth*, from *Allegory*,—or what better knowledge should engage that early season,—is a question I would wish to leave undecided,—at least, undecided by myself.—

As I have been less scrupulous, resumed CLERMONT, on the subject, and as you have already denounced me a *Heretic*, it will cost but a faggot extraordinary, if, in the same cause, I advance one step farther,—and express to you my doubts, whether also the filling of boys heads, with the wild stories of *Ancient Heroes*, who are held out as secondary objects of their attention, might not, on the whole,

whole, be better omitted. — Distinguished examples of magnanimity, and virtue, when divested of all legendary nonsense, should, unquestionably, be strongly impressed on their memories,—but the generality of those who have descended to our times, under the denomination of HEROES, have been such as have acquired that title, from their unjust conquests, and lawless devastations. —It is to be lamented, that the world hath implicitly affixed so much imaginary repute to their names, that, trained up in their *splendid delusions*, young people, I fear, much too often, read the sad annals they have stained with blood, without feeling that laudable indignation, for the violated rights of humanity, which, but for the *impositions* of Education, Nature

ture would excite in their bosoms.— I freely own, I have so little veneration for this class of Beings, that I feel a satisfaction whenever their titles are depreciated,—and am happy to find, that there are people in the world bold enough to disgrace daily, even the name of a CÆSAR—by making it the appellation of a snivelling *Lap Dog*, or a little *Negro Slave* in a WEST INDIAN family.—

As this subject hath engaged our thoughts, I cannot quit it, without expressing my wonder, that in our eager and long pursuits of *dead languages*, so little attention is paid to the being correct, and elegant in *our own*; which, through future years, is to convey all our sentiments.—Whether we are destined to shine in public as orators, or authors,—or fill with

grace, the stations of private life—
 I am well persuaded it would be a
 most beneficial part of education,
 were our youth accustomed to read
 aloud, and declaim in English.—
 Their ear would become habituated
 to cadence, — the voice insensibly
 learn to give strength, and harmony,
 to every period,—and they could not
 fail of acquiring a purity of style.—
 From this omission, how frequently
 do we meet with men of great learn-
 ing, whose reading gives one pain?
 —How often is fine reasoning deli-
 vered, without commanding atten-
 tion?—The offices of the Church per-
 formed, without energy, — and the
 debates of the Senate, divested of
 that elocution, which always so power-
 fully graces both the speaker, and
 the argument?

On this head, returned I, I totally join with you.—You must remember Dr. CLASSIC, the senior fellow of our college;—no man *deeper* in the GREEK and ROMAN tongues,—no man *shallow* in his own;—he could write twenty pages of CICERONIAN LATIN,—but talked ENGLISH as coarsely as a washerwoman,—and read it in a worse tone than the bellman.—

—I am rather surprized, brother, says AMELIA, that in your criticism on modern education, the mode of training up young ladies, should have escaped your remarks,—in which *Fiddlers* and *Dancing-masters* are considered as the supreme object of attention; and may fairly dispute the time with your GREEK and LATIN.—

Why truly, Madam, replied CLERMONT, the fine parts which Nature
hath

hath bestowed on your sex, are not always, I must confess, cultivated in the most advantageous manner ;—and perhaps, too much stress is laid on those external accomplishments, which, in a very few years, are neglected, even by those, who have attained them with so much time and assiduity!—But women, my dear EMILY, who possess the good sense you are mistress of, perceive the *Insufficiency* of fashion, and of themselves rectify its *Errors*.—

—I am much obliged to you for your compliment, brother ; and hope, for the credit of our sex, that the sentiments you entertain of us, are just. —I have ever wished my young friend here to *follow*, but not *sacrifice* to fashion.—External accomplishments are

great aids to personal charms,—but beauty, if not assisted by something more, hath rarely sufficient power to maintain long the conquest it hath made.—It is only when united with the graces of the mind, that its victory becomes complete!—The Friend, —the Companion,—and the Mistress, —then join to bind fast the chaplet of Love,—and the empire of domestic happiness, is founded not in *passion*, but in the *Heart*!—But our candles are almost burnt out, and it is time, I think, to withdraw.—

I did not apprehend, Madam, said I (looking at my watch, and perceiving it was past twelve) that we had trespassed so much on your hour—but my friend's GODS and HEROES have led us into the scrape,—and, I
fear,

fear will lead him into a greater one, should he ever publish his opinions to the world.—

As they can never do the world any injury, returned CLERMONT, I am perfectly indifferent about the matter—Whatever opposes a long established custom, even though it aims to remove a supposed error,—will be sure to have the general voice against it;—but ingenuous minds, unawed by precedent,—and fearless of innovation,—will always hear with candour—and have temper enough to think for themselves.—ALLEGORY hath placed TRUTH at the bottom of a Well, —on which account she is difficult of access;—and whenever she deigns to visit us, is a long while emerging.—

We have every reason to believe
VOL. II. O that

that spoons were in some shape or other, used as early as the days of JACOB—but it was near four thousand years after, before we found out which was the right way to fix *their handles!*

THE FAREWELL.

AS the exercise and air which I have enjoyed at this place, have contributed to recruit my health, even beyond my utmost expectations, I begin now to turn my thoughts toward the Capital;—the family who have made my residence here so pleasurable, being also soon to remove hence.—Indeed, they wait only the arrival of Captain STERLING, who is daily expected; and will in a few days after that event, return back to town—where I hope it will not be long, before I shall be called on, to perform the office of uniting the amiable MARIANNE, with her long destined husband.—But there are ever many preli-

minaries to be settled on these occasions ; and the lawyers always claim precedence of the church.—

—Be our preliminaries, my dear JENNY, as short as possible!—I have given you my heart—which is all I have to settle.—

As it will be necessary, before I quit MARGATE, to leave a *Card of Congè* at the door of all my acquaintance, I wish to take the same opportunity of dropping one with all my readers.—By the time it falls into their hands, we shall have travelled almost through two volumes together, and they will have spent hours enough in my company, to decide whether I am worth their future notice ;—if those hours should not have proved unpleasant, we may
probably

probably on some other ground, meet again, and renew the acquaintance we have now made;—nor can an author, in bidding farewell to his readers, wish for any circumstance more flattering, than to leave them in a disposition so favourable to his interest.

THE LONDON HOY.

I HAVE been these three days balancing in my mind, whether I should return to town by land, or by water.—The great road, however rich in beautiful prospects, hath no novelty to me, who have so frequently travelled it;—and the course of the THAMES, being perfectly new, made me rather incline to trust the sea; which, never affecting me with the least sickness, is always both pleasant, and healthful to me.

—But then there is no conveyance on this element, but the Hoys!—And what does that signify?—there are always merry folks aboard;—and I have seen them so many times go off in such high spirits, that I shall
not

not dislike to make one among them.—A crowd affords variety, and is never unpleasant to me, if I have the liberty of sitting still in it.—

So this matter was finally adjusted, and LA PIERRE sent off to give my saddle-horses safe conduct to town.

CLERMONT would see me aboard ;—half MARGATE thronged the Pier-Head,—and the deck of the Hov seemed already covered with passengers.—The morning was delicious,—and the sea wore a most inviting appearance ;—so taking leave of my worthy friend, I stepped into the vessel, and seated myself at the stern, on one side of the steerage.

No sooner had we began to push off, when *a good voyage* was echoed from an hundred voices at once ;—while, *Do not forget that parcel—*

My love to HARRY—Tell BETTY I shall soon be in town—Remember me to JOHN—Have you got your basket of cold meat?—Take care your bonnet does not blow off—Be sure give PEGGY that letter ;—and a thousand such other mementos, were refounded from various quarters.—

—A fresh gale immediately springing up, we perceived, every five minutes, the coast of MARGATE diminish to our sight;—and indeed we had our eyes, and attention, called another way, by a fleet of more than forty WEST-INDIAMEN, who were all, like ourselves, making for the Port of LONDON, but with an eagerness, far transcending ours, from having traversed such a length of sea to arrive at it.

—I began now to have a little leisure,
to

to survey the cargo we ourselves had on board.—It consisted of a few gentlemen, who, like myself, enjoyed a passage by sea;—some decent shopkeepers, and their wives, who had been washing off the summer dust of LONDON,—and the remainder chiefly composed of the servants of families, that had left MARGATE, who were all extremely communicative, and appeared to have spent their time in that happy idleness, which such an excursion from home usually gives them.—Every creature at MARGATE was *monstrously* polite,—every place about it *immensely* pretty,—and the smuggled tea most *extravagantly* cheap.—I might have picked up *anecdotes* and *affectation* to have lasted my life, but the wind kindly blew it half away, before it could enter my ears.—

Being

Being by this time got into the Mid-Channel, the rolling of the ship gave a new turn to matters.—The effects of the breeze, which had hitherto so briskened our course, began now to be sensibly felt by the greater part of the company;—some put on a very serious countenance, —some turned pale, —others complained of a swimming in their head, —others, that every thing moved *under* them,—and it was not long after, before it became very apparent, that every thing also moved *within* them;—so I sat very quietly, and gathered up the flaps of my coat,—for I hate to carry away the property of any one.

—They will be all the better for it, thought I, when they get home, —and the sea not much the worse.—

As

As we sailed by RECULVER, I could not avoid turning a look of love toward THE SISTERS, while my heart in silence, once more blessed the names of FRANCES and ISABELLA.

There are writers who, steering the same course that I am, would tell you, that the coast of ESSEX lay spread along to the right,—and that of KENT to the left;—which would infer a supposition, that the Reader did not know where he was,—and such supposition must reflect some discredit on an Author.—Now I have in this work already declared, that I meant professedly to describe nothing; so shall leave quite unnoticed, the Bays, Creeks, Inlets of lesser Rivers, and Points of Land, which we passed,—contenting myself with observing, that our whole course, and
the

the fine weather that illuminated every object, pictured such a succession of beautiful scenes, as might have furnished a variety of SKETCHES, to those who describe in *different colours* to myself.—

—My aim is not to paint for the *Eye*,—but for the *Heart*!—

The ascending such a noble river as the THAMES, cannot but afford to a speculative mind, the highest satisfaction, from the immense traffick which is seen carried on by it,—and the amazing number of ships, that are sailing from the first commercial city in the world, to convey its arts, and its manufactures to the remote parts of the globe;—while those of other nations are pouring in, to enrich us with the advantage of their varied labours, and furnish us with those natural

tural productions denied to our own climate. — One contemplates in the prospect, industry protected,—ingenuity rewarded,—the wants of life supplied,—the desires of opulence indulged!—Our enormous Metropolis receives the whole into her port, as the stomach does its aliments,—which are immediately taken up, and secreted, by unnumbered ducts, and channels, and thence circulated through ten thousand veins and arteries, — transfusing national strength and wealth, even to the most remote members.—

After enjoying the beautiful winding of the HOPE, we made a short stop at GRAVESEND, to put some passengers ashore, and drop some goods the master had on board;—by this circumstance, we lay a-long-side of a

Transport-veffel, that was at anchor off that place, and was conveying upwards of *fourscore* felons to AMERICA.—Two gentlemen, who had accidentally been my companions in the Hoy, had the curiosity to step into the Transport; and declared to me at their return, that their humanity was most sensibly touched, at seeing so many unfortunate wretches of all ages, from sixteen, to sixty, whose hardened deportment too strongly testified, that even the sense of shame, which often outlives the nobler virtues of the mind, in appearance, excited no sentiment in theirs.

—Heaven protect the country, said I, whither they are going to be transplanted!—for they are weeds that must disgrace every soil!—It is a melancholy reflection, that necessity forces

us every year to expel from the kingdom, such numbers of our fellow-creatures, with whom there is no living but at the risque of our peace, and safety,—and against whose fraud and villany, it requires more art to fence ourselves, than against the most savage animals that ravage the world.—However, as I am going to LONDON, I rejoice to think that there are at least, *fourscore* fewer rogues in it, than there were, when I came away.—

So with this consolation, *in petto*, we pursued cheerfully, the remainder of our voyage,—and in about eleven hours from the time we left MARGATE, were safely landed at WOOLQUAY.

THE FAMILY-PICTURE.

IT was quite dusk when I got ashore, and the evening being delightfully serene, I was glad, after so long a confinement, to stretch my legs, and determined to walk home to my lodgings at the west end of the town.

—It is a doubt, whether any Capital in EUROPE equals LONDON in populoufness, — but it is beyond a doubt, that none vie with it in convenience and cleanliness. — I could wish those, who may be inclined to dispute my assertion, would consider the wonderful security in which near a *million* of people are crowded together, — and the equally wonderful manner in which this *million* are supplied with every thing that necessity demands,

demands, or extravagance can call for.—The good order preserved in our streets by day,—the matchless utility and beauty of their illumination by night,—and what is, perhaps, the most essential of all, the astonishing supply of water which is poured into every private house, however small, even to profusion!—the superflux of which clears all the drains and sewers, and assists greatly in preserving good air,—health,—and comfort!—

PARIS may be smelt five miles before you arrive at it — MADRID, ten — and all the great cities of FRANCE, and SPAIN, in proportion:—As to those of ITALY, the atmosphere which surrounds them, is so impregnated with *Garlick*, that the nose cannot easily analyze the other com-

pounds which are overpowered by it;—yet in spite of all the advantages our metropolis may boast, those who are just arrived from the purer air of the country, will, every here, and there, at a short turning, or alley-end, catch many an unfavoury whiff, which they would always wish to get to the windward of.—

—On these occasions I have commonly recourse to my snuff-box; but its contents were unfortunately exhausted, by being liberally offered to some of my companions in the Hoy,—so it occurred to me, to call at my old snuff-shop in COVENT-GARDEN, and get it replenished; conceiving I might, at the same time, pick up a little intelligence, of what was stirring in town.—

The shop was lighted up, as usual, and

two candles standing on the counter,—but the door being bolted, I knocked twice before I gained admission; when the master coming from above stairs, complimented me on my return home, and on the good looks I had brought back with me.—

I thanked him for his civility,—and my nose being become very impatient, I whipped my snuff-box from my pocket, and borrowed a hasty pinch, from the jar he had taken down.

—I thought as he was filling my box, that his features had more than their usual glow of good-nature,—and at the same time hearing a female voice above stairs, accompanied by a guitar,—I fear, said I, that I have called you down from some convivial meeting—I hate to suspend any one's pleasure, even for a mo-

ment—so there is my money,—and now run up again to your friends.—

You by no means suspend my pleasure, replied my tobacconist;—nay, you will increase it, by allowing me to tell you what hath occasioned it.—It is in truth, a scene that might *interest your Feelings.*

Two young men, who have for a great length of time lived with me under this roof, have endured the severe mortification of seeing a worthy father, whose talents and ingenuity might have entitled him to a better fate, by a series of misfortunes, thrown into confinement; and by the rigour of an unrelenting creditor, detained there for the greater part of twenty years.—Though their situation in life, denied them the power of rescuing him from his adversity, yet
they

they have comforted him constantly by their daily visits, and supported both him and his second wife, by the labour of their hands ;—ever pouring into his wounded bosom, the balm of filial affection.—An act of grace hath at last set the distressed parent at liberty,—and they have this evening been to fetch him home from the forlorn scene of Captivity, which hath worn down his grey hairs.—We have made a little supper on the occasion ; and had not long finished it, when you knocked at the door.—One of his daughters, whose voice you now hear, is come to welcome his return ; and as all the family have a musical turn, she has taken up a guitar to accompany herself.—Nothing can at this moment, exceed the transport of the father, after experiencing for so

many years, the severity of ill fortune, to find himself, at last, housed in security under his children's roof.—

—You paint the story, returned I, as one who strongly sympathized in the general joy.—You might well call it a scene to *interest the Feelings*;—on my soul, it hath played the deuce with mine,—inasmuch, that I would almost give one eye, to peep through a key-hole with the other, and obtain a glimpse of these happy people, without intruding on their delicious moments.—

Why that, Sir, continued the landlord, I could gratify you in,—as there can be no breach either of hospitality, or honour, in exhibiting the merits of one's friends, when their actions may not only bear the view, but claim the applause of the world.—

The

The little room where they are, has a glass folding-door, with a curtain drawn only across the lower half of it,—if you will give yourself the trouble to step up with me, on the second stairs, you may, unperceived, look over it, and indulge your curiosity.

—I would not have missed the sight for all I shall ever be worth on this side the grave!—It shewed me so lovely a FAMILY-PICTURE, as bid defiance to all the efforts of art;—even the pencil of a RAPHAEL,—a TITIAN,—or a GUIDO, would have failed in the attempt—for it was drawn, and coloured, by a greater hand;—by thy inimitable hand, O, NATURE!—who shalt ever, to the last page I write, remain the object of my adoration!—

—I wished a thousand times, my

dear JENNY, that thy benevolent heart could have enjoyed it with me!—but I will give you some idea, how the canvass was disposed, and your sensibility will paint the rest.—

Imagine the whole family grouped round the table on which they had supped,—in full view before me conceive the portrait of the father; whose features wore the traces of age, and infirmity, possibly somewhat strengthened by the sorrows of life, but whose countenance was at the same time brightened by so placid an eye, as indicated a mind superior to them all!—On either side of him, sat his good sons,—and next to them, his wife, the faithful partner of his afflictions.—Opposite to her, appeared the vacant chair from whence I had so abruptly summoned my conductor, who

who now stood by me,—while the daughter whose voice I had heard from below; and the friendly mistress of the house, who had prepared them this little entertainment, filled up the remainder of this happy circle.

The daughter was still singing to her guitar—they were soothing plaintive notes;—but my mind was too occupied to attend to sounds—it was watching the characters which composed this singular picture, and marking attentively the expressions of cordiality and love, which, during the song, were shot from eye to eye.—Often did the good old man cast looks of transport on each of his family, one after the other,—then fix his attention on his child, whose voice was welcoming his return,—while, at intervals, his hands and
eyes

eyes were uplifted, in silent gratitude, to that PROVIDENCE who had, after trials so severe, at last brought him home in peace.—

—As soon as the song was ended, he beckoned his daughter to approach him;—when, taking her by the arm, he gently pulled her down to his cheek, and hid his face in her neck.—The mistress of the house now pushed nearer to him, a glass of wine, which had been poured out, and had long stood before him, unregarded, on the table;—he placidly drank it off; and surveying all around him, with a look of measureless contentment, stretched out his hands on his two sons, who were beside him, which were instantly pressed in theirs with the utmost fervor;—while, in their features, were pic-
tured

tured all those delicate emotions of the heart, which NATURE has alone entrusted to the human countenance to express, and which the efforts of language are far too feeble to convey.—

—Believe me, my dear JENNY, there was not a dry eye in all the room;—nay, and I might add, on the stairs neither—for I more than once, observed my honest tobacco-nist pass his hand before his face.—

—There are tears of *pleasure* as well as tears of *distress*!—the latter are excited by *our own* sufferings,—the former are the involuntary tribute which *Sensibility* pays to *Virtue*!—

I lament, said I, turning round to my companion, that this picture you have shewn me, which glows with so many lovely tints that affection hath

hath spread over it, should be concealed in your little apartment,—it ought to be exhibited to the Public;—the view of it might serve to confirm the Good, and shame the Unfeeling!—Nor could I quit the scene I had been contemplating, without breathing this benediction over it:

—Heaven prosper you, children of Virtue!—nay, and it will prosper you,—for you have given the world a noble example of filial piety!—and if lost in its dissipations, it should overlook the unurged claims you have on it,—yet have you treasured up in your own bosoms, those enviable feelings of conscious rectitude, which it never can take from you,—and which, without hearts like yours, it hath not in its power to bestow!—

I walked home with so light and heedless

heedless a foot, by having my mind totally occupied with all I had just been spectator of, that I ran against half a dozen posts, and at least treble as many passengers.—

I pity, from my soul, the gloomy temperament of the Satyrist, whose delight is to view only the unfavourable side of life.—The imperfections of humanity may never leave his spleen destitute of a subject;—yet I am inclined to believe, for the honour of PROVIDENCE and NATURE, that there ever has been a proportionate degree of benevolence in the world.—Those virtues that most *adorn*, and *endear* society, are confined to a limited circle.—Could we steal in on the privacies of domestic life, I am confident we should see many more actions and characters to admire, and
 7 respect,

respect, than we are in general inclined to suppose.—

When I arrived at my lodgings, LA PIERRE met me in the passage with a countenance that, quicker than his tongue, told me, all was well—and that my old horse had performed the journey—*à merveilles*.

My trusty Valet had made the best arrangement he could of every thing in my apartment.—My Sea-Biscuit, my Capillaire, and my Slippers, which constitute a part of his evening service, were all placed in order;—so that I had nothing to do, but to swallow a mouthful of refreshment, enquire of him the trivial occurrences of the road, and retire to my chamber.

—I do not recollect, in all my life, to have ever passed a more delicious night;—

night;—for I slept till late the next morning, without the smallest interruption,—and arose in the finest spirits imaginable:—Nor will I ever be persuaded, to this moment, that it was half so much occasioned by the exercise, and fatigue, of the preceding day,—as it was, by my having gone to bed—IN PERFECT GOOD HUMOUR WITH THE WORLD.

T H E E N D.

"—For I hope till late the next
 morning, without the smallest inter-
 ruption,—and more in the last of this
 magnificent:—Nor will I ever be
 admitted to this moment, that it
 was little to much occasioned by the
 exertions and fatigue of the preceding
 day:—as it was, by my having
 gone to bed—in perfect good hu-
 mour with the World.

THE END.

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